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ST. ANN'S ROAD, TRINIDAD.

A VISIT TO TRINIDAD.

IT was late in the year when Roscoe and Rosalie sailed for Trinidad. That strange island, which seems to have floated down the broad bosom of the Orinoco and to have stranded at its mouth in order to furnish the visitor with an epitome of South America, had long exercised a mysterious fascination over the travelers.

Roscoe had been ailing since an unfortunate exposure in early autumn had caused an affection of the chest, which the rigors of winter had certainly not mitigated.

Compelled to give up professional engagements, and confined to the house, his young wife had found that the best way to interest the invalid had been to read to him about that region, where flowers and birds and sunshine and the witching greenery of tropical vegetation, by contrast makes the steely glint of our Northern December's icy sword, seem doubly sharp and terrible.

At last they set sail for Trinidad. "Cuba is too

hackneyed," said Roscoe. "So is Nassau, while Florida is literally worn out. Let's to new fields,

"Where a soft and purple mist,
Like a vaporous amethyst,
Or an air-dissolved stone,
Mingling light and fragrance, far
From the curved horizon's bound
To the point of heaven's profound,
Fills the overflowing sky,"

instead of the brilliance of an atmosphere which stimulates like champagne while it pierces like a dagger thrust."

In a few days they seemed to have drifted into another world. Overhead were unfamiliar stars, and the soft breeze came out of a radiant clime, balmy with healing to the laboring lungs of the traveler. Leaving Rosalie asleep, he stole early on deck to catch the triumphant pageant of the early dawn, and together they spent hours in watching the changeful panorama of sea and sky—ever old, yet ever new.

They had fairly entered the second week of the voy-

age when the far island loomed faintly upon the vision like a low cloud, while the waters of the Orinoco, dyed with the roots of vegetation, tinged the clear waves of the sea with a muddy green.

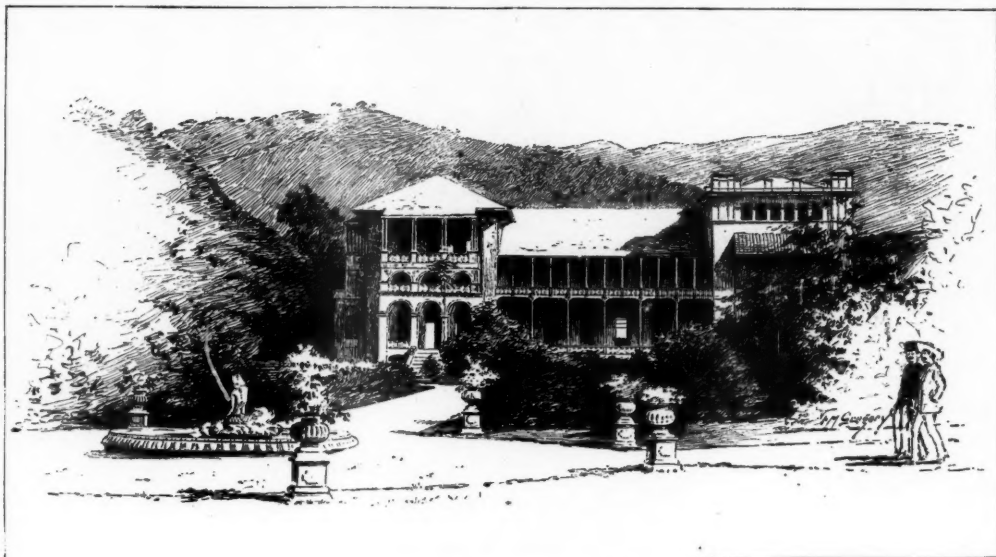
"Let me put you through a catechism upon this new land," said Roscoe, as they approached. "Tell me what you remember about Trinidad."

"Please, master, I am prepared with my lesson," laughed Rosalie, as, folding her hands, school-girl fashion, she merrily rattled on as follows:

"Trinidad, situated at the mouth of the Orinoco in the gulf of Pavia, distant only twelve miles from the mainland, is fifty miles long by thirty-five wide. It contains 1,750 square miles, and has a population of only about 106,000, though it is so fertile and beautiful

fell into the hands of the latter country. Trinidad remains a dependency of the crown, having a legislative and executive council of its own."

Thus whiling away the hours, it was not long before the steamer entered that narrow channel between high cliffs termed the Ape's Mouth; and proceeding along where low shores to the east and south showed a novel growth of vines and trees, it came to a stop before the Port of Spain, the capital of Trinidad. Here a large crowd of people indolently watched the debarkation. Our friends laughed at the motley crew, as Roscoe pointed out among them Spanish, French, English, coolies from the East Indies, Chinese and negroes—all good-natured, though vociferous and full of gesticulation. Rosalie's attention was diverted from the gay



THE GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE, TRINIDAD.

that it is destined to have five times that number—some time."

"When you and I have returned home and chanted its praises."

"Is that the way you interrupt your pupil? Three ranges of hills traverse it; some of them ought to be called mountains, since they are 3,000 feet high. Then there are beautiful valleys, broad savannas, lovely glens, springs of water and small streams. Nearly everything that the tropics contain can be found there, either in the way of vegetation or animals."

"A very comprehensive enumeration, that last," rejoined Roscoe.

"Now tell me something about the history of Trinidad," rejoined Rosalie; and her husband replied in effect as follows:

"It was discovered by Columbus on his third voyage, in 1499, and permanently occupied by the Spaniards during the next century. Overrun by its greedy conquerors, who sought for gold in vain, the peaceful native Indians were treated with great barbarity. Nearly a century after its discovery Trinidad was visited by Sir Walter Raleigh. The next century saw it held by the French, who colonized it in large numbers; but in 1797, as the result of the war between Spain and England, it

groups to distant clusters of lofty cabbage palms, each bearing on its single lofty stem a feathery tuft of waving leaves, and realized that indeed she was on the borders of a new world.

Past the custom-house, up Marine Square, they were taken to the hotel, a broad, low building, like all others, and having wide verandas. There, ushered into rooms large, clean, and with bamboo furnishings, they were too much devoured by curiosity to settle down to rest, but returned to the street to explore the quaint old town, and bask in a mid-winter's sun.

"Surely," said Rosalie, "here is a kaleidoscope of humanity! See that fat negress, with her gaudy silk turban and muslin dress, singing at the top of her rich, rollicking voice. On the other side of the way, look at that Hindoo with his loose clothing falling in graceful folds, while his wife rejoices in a white skirt and crimson velvet sacque. With what an air of stately repose they walk along! Look at her bangles, though.

"She's rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
That jingle and jangle wherever she goes."

How sedate they are, though!"

"Yes; the Hindoo is always fate incarnate, and, like fate, must be relentless, emotionless, passionless."



SAN FERNANDO, TRINIDAD.

"For what purpose did they come to Trinidad, Roscoe?"

"They were brought over by colonists for agricultural laborers by consent of the Indian government. The adults are apprenticed to proprietors of estates here for five years after landing, receiving wages which are in part paid in rations. Families are not separated, for the whole system is controlled by law, and has worked so well, on the whole, that many coolies have returned after visiting India, and some have acquired comfortable homes on government land, which they preferred to a free passage back to their native country. I am told they contrast favorably with the negroes in thrift and morality, though they are from the lowest caste in India. There is something very interesting in the coolie. He is of a higher type than his brother of African descent, because he is so much older in the scale of humanity."

"And they are vastly picturesque in their melancholy grace and dignity."

And so our friends sauntered about, returning to the hotel to a dinner at which they tasted of a variety of fresh fruit common to the country. In this they were a little disappointed; it lacked the concentrated sweetness of our northern smaller varieties. "Nature never bestows all good upon one spot, and her laws demand that what is gained in size shall, in a measure, be lost in flavor," replied Roscoe to some remarks of his wife.

The next day found the invalid feeling already much refreshed and prepared to survey his surroundings. Accompanied by Rosalie, he traversed the straight streets amid ubiquitous vultures, dogs, and goats. They found the houses of the well-to-do—of the same low spreading fashion common to all hot countries—frequently shut

in between high walls, where, through gateways, they caught glimpses of flowers and shrubs new and bewildering. Afterward, on making acquaintance and visiting at some of these airy cottages, they enjoyed pleasant English and Scotch society. Books, pictures, and musical instruments gave evidence of taste and culture among the denizens transplanted from a grayer clime.

The travelers soon made their way to the public park, filled with curious forms of vegetation. Near by were pleasant villas, each with its garden plot of rare plants; while as a background reared a mountain, towering a thousand feet or more into the sky.

"Oh, see!" exclaimed Rosalie, "that star a dozen feet high with a brilliant tip of flowers, is the *Pointsetia*, and that long-leaved shrub twice its height is the *Dracena*, both hothouse plants at home; and those noble palms, with their ostrich-like plumes waving with such a lordly air—how strange it all seems!"

"And well it may, for we are in a spot where the thermometer seldom falls below sixty-five or seventy in winter and rarely rises above eighty-six in summer. The most delicate flower has no right to fade here. But what are those brilliant orange blossoms wreathing that tree-trunk? Orchids, as I live!"

And so they were orchids, those showy vagaries and dreams of nature. They saw other and rarer varieties in the Botanic Gardens, a charming spot which they often visited. Here grew the allspice and the pepper; the nutmeg-tree, with its mace-covered fruit; the *Erythrina* or *Bois immortelle*, tossing its proud head fifty feet aloft and covered with vermillion flowers; the *Tamarind* and *Samarin*, with their mimosa-shaped leaves; the *Candelebra Cereus*, five times the height of the beholder; shrubs of *frangipanni*, fragrant and rosy; sensitive plants, sulking at a touch; the rattan,



ALMOND WALK, TRINIDAD.

climbing up and down and throwing out great prickles as it went; the almond-tree, with its nuts, and the cacao with its pods of crimson, yellow or green. There were all the splendid family of palms, the groo-groo or coco-palm, the cabbage-palm, columnar and stately, occasionally throwing up its stem over a hundred feet without a break, and then rising forty feet above its lowest limb, just to show what it is capable of doing; the Moriche palm, with its delicious fruit hid within a hard and scaly covering, and the smaller fan-palm rustling its leaves with delight at every breath of the moving breeze. Everywhere grew the banana and the orange, mingling the useful with the beautiful, and many a tree whose very name indeed it would be difficult to remember, where everything is strange. Yet over all, towering like a billowy mass of greenery, was the cieba or silk cotton tree, with its massive trunk throwing out bastions like the towers of some grand old cathedral.

Wandering in this fascinating spot our travelers picked up the first Brazil-nut they had seen, just as it had fallen. It was the size of a good-sized cannon-ball, and about as hard.

"How do you suppose that opens?" asked Roscoe, as they turned it over and over.

Rosalie slowly shook her head until she espied a soft piece of wood which seemed exactly like a natural plug.

"You have found its weak spot," said he. "There is no Achilles but has its vulnerable heel. This soft wood decays, water enters, and expanding the shell, causes it to fly apart. Within are closely packed the Brazil-nut sections of commerce. It is said that even monkeys have to wait for their luscious fruit until Nature has riven the shell."

It was not long before the reviving influences of the air enabled Roscoe to announce himself able to visit La Brea (the Le Braë of the French), that famous lake of pitch of which we all learned in our children's geographies. So one morning taking the steamer which runs forty miles south of Port of Spain they landed at a point adjacent to the so-called lake, one of the strangest of all strange phenomena. Roscoe had read all he could find about similar reservoirs of bitumen, and concluded that the theory of subterranean volcanic agency was hardly tenable. He found that "smaller ones exist in Caxatambo and Borengela, Peru, where the asphaltum is used in pitching boats." It is also found in Santa Barbara, California. Archaeologists have proved that "the product of similar springs was used ages ago by the Egyptians in the embalming process," and it is now widely used for coating tubes of glass and of iron and for pavements.

He inferred therefore from all he could learn that this bed of bitumen owed its existence to the slow process of nature by which buried vegetable matter parts with its oil. May not this oozing to the surface by means of the pressure of the super-incumbent earth, make the pitch lake of Trinidad?

That it is made in some way, became an offensive fact long before landing, for with the wholesome odor of asphaltum are mingled those of petroleum and sulphur. It seemed no stronger on the beach, however, which was black as the negroes who throve there in spite of smells more evil than those of Cologne. The earth seemed to perspire pitch at every pore; it oozed out with a slow, unctuous motion, which could not be perceived day by day, but only month by month. This they did not witness at the shore, but the evidence was plain farther on.

Mounting a rude vehicle which was scented with pitch, they were drawn by a mule, which seemed to breathe pitch, to the lake, up a little rise, where pitch seethed and crawled under a blazing sun.

"If we are *pitched* out and killed," murmured Rosalie, "we shall be entombed without expense, like flies in amber."

"And make a couple of mummies for some museum," continued Roscoe.

On they went through bushes which gradually decreased in size up a gentle rise, until, reaching the top, before them lay weltering the curious, overflowing lake. It did not seem a lake at all, yet it could be called nothing else. With a circumference of two or three miles, according as the spectator estimates the limit where it mingles with the surrounding earth, lies the lake, changeless yet ever changing. Seemingly inexhaustible and dug out in large quantities, the cavities are filled up in a few hours. Mineralogists have decided that the substance is not pure asphaltum, but bitumen, rather, impregnating argillaceous stone or sand. The percentage of the latter, however, is so small that it does not feel gritty to the touch; nor is it sticky.



A COOLIE BELLE.



A TRINIDAD COOLIE.

Roscoe molded some between his fingers, making a little ebony image of one of the children who ran about, and not a spot appeared upon his long white fingers.

They found, near by, the rude works where the pitch is prepared for market. It is purified by boiling in water; the sand falls to the bottom, and the bitumen is skimmed from the surface. After being a second time boiled, it is run into barrels for exportation.

Our travelers were somewhat disappointed at the superficial appearance of La Brea. They had expected to see a more homogeneous mass—a mirror-like sea of pitch. Instead, there were small islands near the centre, covered with shrubbery, and the rest of the surface was dotted with curious rings, surrounded by channels and pools of water, black, and shining with pitch. Over these were thrown planks, by which visitors could explore that portion where the greatest motion from underneath is manifested. These rings of bitumen have been happily described as umbrella or mushroom-shaped islands, from five to fifty feet in diameter, pressed close together at their edges. The crevices be-

tween their conical surfaces, of greater or less depth, are filled with water.

"We are walking over *Satanic* bubbles from some Stygian underworld," said Roscoe. "Do you wonder where primitive people obtained their literal conceptions of a place of torment?"

"No," replied Rosalie; "I almost believe in one myself."

They had now reached the core, that spot where the vexed demons are most actively engaged in spewing out the malodorous elements of nature. There were petroleum, and sulphur, and sulphuretted hydrogen;

white out of the air, it is evolved from the depths of elemental forces."

And then, refreshing their eyes with the sight of noble palms which grew near the hither shore of La Brea, the travelers returned to the landing, having amply satisfied their curiosity regarding this outlet of the nether world.

Roscoe grew so much stronger before many weeks that he ventured on excursions that his wife could not undertake. With a party, he explored on horseback the centre of Trinidad, in order to see the "Salse," or mud volcano, or geyser, rather, which no one has been



PITCH LAKE AT LA BREA, TRINIDAD.

the surface was flecked with yellow shades, fetid gas bubbled through the water-channels, while the pitch was soft, though not sticky, to the tread.

The two only remained here a few moments. Half-fainting, they turned back nearer the rim of this huge fountain to survey it at a pleasanter distance. On examination, Roscoe found that some of the bosses or disks of bitumen grew from central stems, like thick umbrella-handles, showing that a great pressure from below had forced them up and out—a pressure that is continually exercised, since the flow is constantly going on. The convex top, hardening by exposure to the air, another is forced up beside it, and as this dries, another. When crowded thick together, the pitch oozes softly up in the irregular channels between them, in a semi-liquid form. Out of it emerge sticks and logs, sometimes standing straight in the air, indicative both of the upward and outward pressure, and of the outflowing motion of the adhesive mass.

"A glacier of pitch," some one has called it," observed Roscoe; "but, instead of crystalizing clear and

quite able to explain. On the way what magnificent woods they traversed! Overhead, through the deep, green roof, softly filtered the sunlight, making perpetual twilight over the ground. Frequently huge gray trunks lifted their heads a hundred feet or more toward the sky. Between them hung vines, knotted and twisted—the lianes of the tropics—stretching and crossing into an irregular network, through which travel was well-nigh impossible. A negro guide led them over Spanish-Indian trails, until, after various adventures, the party found themselves on the edge of a circular lake of mud and water, perhaps three acres in extent.

Over a great portion of the surface the party picked its way. On one side Roscoe and his companions came to a series of mud-craters, each about a yard in height. Out of a small aperture, perfectly smooth and reaching far into the cone, spouted, at intervals, mud and water, in a fitful, spiteful way. In the interim, mud oozed slowly out until the vents becoming choked, new ones were formed beside the old. And, strangest fact of all, out of them issued water-worn pebbles, unlike any



BOILING HOUSE, NEAR THE PITCH LAKE, TRINIDAD.

stones or geologic formation which can be found near the geysers. And the gnome of dirt who presides at the chaldron below, where this mixture is brewed, seasons it with flavors of petroleum, of iodine, and of various carbonates and salts, in such fashion as suits his mongrel appetite.

Of Roscoe's further explorations, were they not all told and re-told to Rosalie, as in the spring he treads the deck of the homeward-bound steamer by her side, completely restored in health. He describes the wonderful creepers of the forest jungles, decorating the largest trees with brilliant blossoms of orange and gold; of parasitic plants, slowly sapping the life of the most majestic monarchs of the wild wood; of the loveliness of the glens and brooks of the mountain region, where every step discloses brilliant pictures through vistas of

sylvan glades, glowing with a wealth of form and color reflected in sparkling pools, clear as crystals; of the parrot, and the monkey, the armadillo, and the sloth, which give life to these solitudes, yet unpeopled and almost unexplored.

Of one excursion he never wearied in relating. It was to the east coast, to a spot where miles of the curving beach are fringed with lofty coco-palms, their gray stems leaning aslant as their green plumes flutter to and fro, wooed by the trade-wind, which whispers stories of its flight over the fastnesses it has left. Roscoe listened to its marvellous tales, and with Rosalie he determines to set sail, next winter, to some other portion of that land, which lies, like a dream, beyond the southern main.

HESTER M. POOLE.

THE LOTUS FLOWER.

Oh, in what lonely valley, dimly seen
Through dusky aisles of immemorial trees,
Or on what lovely island, couched serene
In azure zones of unfrequented seas,
Blossoms the Lotos, fabled flower of ease?

For none have found it in the city street,
Among the wicked weeds that rankle there,
The matted sins that snare unwary feet,
The poison growth of slander, shame and care,
The hemlock leaves of anguish and despair.

Even in the fair, benignant face of heaven,
On sunny plain or solitary hill,
At noon or night, some drop of bitter leaven,
Some sinister surmise, some haunting ill,
Taints the clear cup of nature's quiet still.

It is not bought with wealth, nor bribed by power;
The golden garnerings of insatiate gain
Win not its balm for one oblivious hour;
And stricken kings 'neath canopies of pain,
Clasp burning palms and pray for it in vain.

And oh, not in love's stormy realm it grows—
Love, whose inviolable trust denies
To aching hearts and watching eyes repose;
Love that is sorrow in divine disguise,
Whose mission and reward are sacrifice.

Sweeter than love, or hope, or fame's false charm,
Honors, or gold, or fortune's vain caprice!
No brow has worn the coronal of calm,
No toil-worn slave of time has earned release
This side the grave; the dead alone find peace.

CHARLES L. HILDRETH.

TOO TRUE FOR FICTION-IX.

"'Tis strange, but true : for Truth is always strange—
Stranger than Fiction."—BYRON.

THESE stories, published anonymously under the above general title, are by the following authors :

CHARLES BARNARD,	HELEN JACKSON (H. H.),	LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON,
ROSE TERRY COOKE,	EDWARD EVERETT HALE,	MARY B. PARKER,
EDGAR FAWCETT,	JOHN HABBERTON,	HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,
(Author of "An Ambitious Woman.")	(Author of "Helen's Babies.")	NATHAN C. KOUNS,
ROSSITER W. RAYMOND,	PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON,	(Author of "Arius the Libyan.")
ANNA K. GREENE,	E. P. ROE,	SARA ORNE JEWETT,
(Author of "The Leavenworth Case.")		A. W. TOURGÉE.

In addition to these, other equally well-known writers have promised to contribute, and all have cordially expressed their warm approval of this latest form of the literary conundrum. The series will contain twenty or more stories. The names of all those contributing will be published from time to time during the continuance of the series.

THE LADY OF ENSWORTH COUNTY—A PORTRAIT.

It was soon after the end of the Revolutionary War, and only a few months after the disbanding of the last regiment of the Massachusetts Militia, who had fought in it, that Captain Nathan Lamson, the father of the "Lady of Ensworth County," settled down on one of the poorest farms to be found in all Ensworth County. Poor as it was, it cost more than the young Captain was worth, and he had to raise part of the purchase-money by mortgage. This mortgage, and two British bullets in his left leg, were the bad features in his start in life.

Per contra, he had a wife who, as he believed, and he could have got wide testimony to that effect, was worth her weight in gold. She was the daughter of the Colonel of his regiment. Except for the tyranny of King George, the revolt of the Colonies, and the consequent war, she had, no doubt, lived, married, and died in the New Hampshire village where she was born, and Nathan Lamson had lived, married, and died in his, in Massachusetts, a loss and a mischance for both of them, the very thought of which, when it crossed their busy thoughts, made them shudder, and gave new emphasis and coloring to their patriotic rejoicings in American independence. So much more does history mean to the men and women of a nation than the history of a nation can ever tell.

The house to which Nathan Lamson took his bride was one of those typical colonial houses, whose gradual disappearance in New England is a sore loss to the picturesqueness of her rural neighborhoods. Two stories high in front, it sloped down in the rear to one, and that barely high enough for a man to stand upright in its narrow door. The expression of repose and substantial dignity in this long, slant roof-line at the rear of a house is one not easy to explain. It was never anything but a device of economy—a compromise between a generous frontage to the highway and a parsimonious scrimping at the back; yet it somehow contrives to wear a look of liberality and roominess, in no wise justified by the actual accommodation afforded.

In front of the house were two English elms, which, in their sapling infancy, had been brought across the ocean by Nathan Lamson's mother, who had with her own hands planted them in front of the log cabin in which she for thirty years lived the frontier woman's life, rearing her babies, watching against wild beasts, moulding bullets, keeping out-look for Indians; saying devout prayers, and singing psalms, through it all. What women they were, those first Puritan mothers in New England!

But the climate and the life, together, were too much for both her and her babies. She died before she was fifty, and when they laid her to rest in the unfenced "lot," where were buried the dead of the township of Ensworth, her grave was the seventh in the Lamson corner, and the other six were her children's. There was soon an eighth—her husband's. He had never, as the neighbors phrased it, "reely held his head up sence Mrs. Lamson was taken away from him. 'Twas strange, too, reconciled 's he seemed to be; but he jest kind o' pined away."

It was partly this very "reconciled" condition of which he had died. A little stimulus of rebellion against his affliction would have been a wholesome counter-irritant, and have kept him alive; but he had always been of a desponding, inactive temperament, ill suited to the strain of wilderness life. Only his wife's dauntless courage and unflagging energy had kept him from going under in many a crisis of their long struggle, and it was largely owing to this very thing that she had broken down and died at fifty, instead of lasting, hale and strong, till eighty, as her fine constitution and vitality ought to have enabled her to do. She had always been forced to carry double in each time of special burden and stress; so in reality, reckoning her years by what they had carried, instead of by what they counted up on the calendar, she might be said to have lived to be a hundred.

It was from this indomitable grandmother that our "Lady of Ensworth county" inherited her most salient traits: the humor and the unselfishness. Her own mother was a notable body, shrewd, capable at all manner of housewifery, honest, devout-minded and mannered; but of all these virtues her own house and household reaped chief benefit. She was kindly enough, in her way; but her heart did not go out spontaneously to the world at large, and few outside the limits of her own family knew her at all. The wide range of activity and helpfulness which her daughter's impulses covered would have seemed to her as extreme as to have crossed seas in search of opportunities and channels. Clearly she recognized, however, the daughter's capacity; and when she lay on her death-bed, and knew that she had only a few hours more to live, it was with no unmeaning phrases that she bade the girl farewell, saying: "I die easy, Lyddy. I sha'n't worry a mite about your father nor the boys. I know you'll take jest 's good care on 'em 's I could myself. You won't never leave your father, Lyddy?"

"No—never!" the weeping girl replied. "I won't

leave him so long 's he lives!" And she gave the solemn promise, with no thought of its ever being hard to keep. It was typical of the New England orthodox mind, even at the best of its religion, that, in the dying woman's imagination, the thing which was going to keep her from "worryin'" in heaven was not at all the being in heaven, or the condition to which saints there were likely to attain, but the trust she would carry over with her from earth of Lyddy's being equal to all emergencies which might arise in the family she had left behind.

Lyddy was at this time just fifteen. The boys were boys, indeed—three of them, the youngest only eight, the oldest thirteen. How the girl toiled during the next three years no one but herself ever knew. The boys were too young, the father too busy, to realize. It was the way of the rural home wives of that day and generation not only to do with their own hands all the work of the house, but to spin and weave all the woolen, linen and cotton cloth needed for the wear of the family. What coverlids, blankets, sheets, towels they wrought—chests full of them! What endless stretches of homespun suiting for men's clothes and women's clothes alike! The spinning-wheel and the loom were never idle; and, worn satin smooth by ceaseless motion, they kept in their very wood mute record of the patient industry to which they ministered. The nearest approach to a repining thought in which Lyddy Lamson ever indulged in these days was the wish that one of her brothers had been a girl, that she might have had help at the spinning and weaving. But no sooner did she think this thought than, shame-stricken, she put it down as sinful selfishness, asking herself how her father would ever get along on the farm without the boys to help him. His lame leg was a great hindrance in the fields. It pained him sorely at night, her mother had told her. Sometimes he lay awake all night long, for the aching; and when the faithful girl saw him come limping slowly home at sunset from a hard day's plowing, the two boys riding on the oxen's backs, her conscience smote her terribly if she had so much as thought of being tired in the course of the day.

"Men folks have the hardest of it, always," she said to herself. Already the two older boys were in her mind, classed with their father, under that comprehensive general term of the New England vernacular. Even when, in an occasional fit of righteous indignation at some obstinacy or disobedience of theirs, she felt herself suddenly constrained to shake them, or cuff their ears, she did it with a kind of terror at her own hardihood, in thus invading their incipient domain of manhood, and proceeded to atone for it as soon and effectually as she could, by cooking an unusually good supper, or by redoubled diligence in knitting on their socks or weaving their coats.

After all, they were "men folks." From sunrise to sunset they were laboring a-field—felling trees, getting out stumps, hauling logs, plowing, sowing, reaping—doing a fair day's work with their boyish hands; laboring manfully, side by side with their father, to wrest from the niggardly wilderness an estate and a living for the family. They worked as hard as she did, and as faithfully. What right had she to lord it over them? "Not a bit more than they to lord it over her (if so much)," thought the clear-sighted, logical-minded Lyddy; and on the foundations of this logical clear-sightedness of hers was built up a bond of affectionate union between her and the boys, far exceeding in warmth and strength the ordinary bond between sisters and brothers.

Captain Lamson's home was only a short day's journey from the shores of Massachusetts Bay, on one of the great thoroughfare roads of New England. A large proportion of the quiet traffic of those early, modest days went past his door. Traveling venders of all sorts of wares, from brooms up to silks and serges; traveling tinkers; repairers; workmen of every kind; drovers, with herds of cattle, horses, or pigs; all and everything went over that road. At that time, inns were few and far between, and inn-keeping by no means sufficiently remunerative to warrant a man's making it his sole business. It was the custom, therefore, of the country for travelers to seek and find lodging and entertainment at any house wherever nightfall overtook them, and, though the idea of such promiscuous coming and going of strangers at one's board and in one's bedrooms would offend the standard of even the most rural communities of to-day, there were in it many compensations and advantages, for lack of which the dwellers in remote and sparsely-settled districts suffer now more than they suspect. News came fresh and racy from the lips of the pedler, tinker, or drover; never twice alike, or taken from the same standpoint, the travelers' view of affairs; and between supper and bedtime what leisure to talk things over! Public opinion meant something in those days; each man had his own, and knew why; he did not take it second-hand from a newspaper, or hold it in abeyance till he should get farther advice by telegraph. The American colonies had never in this world had the fire and reckless pluck to begin that fight with Great Britain except for the passionate individualism and convictions thus slowly born, and nursed by such firesides. Not an act of the British Parliament, or a vice of the British Court, that had not been weighed in the balance, sifted, turned inside out, on every hearth or door-step, in New England. Not an act of the American Congress, or a failing of the leaders—from George Washington down—that did not get the same handling. The words Whig and Tory meant what they stood for, and stood for all they meant. Political weather-vanes told the wind true. No man went blindfolded. Neighbors were friends, or were foes. No shilly-shallying, or mincing matters—either on platform or in pulpit. No shams. Hard work, honest laws, honestly kept, and the wages of sin—death. That was the distinct understanding of life in those uncompromising days. How distant they look? Only a hundred—less than a hundred—years ago! How have we slipped so soon so far away from them, that their simplicity, directness, fire and fervor already seem obsolete? These inner garments of the soul are as obsolete as the outer garments worn by the men and women of that period. Gay masqueraders now-a-days find the old outer garments becoming. Those who are so fortunate as to possess their great-grandparents' brocades, velvets, laces, uniforms, wear them to revels, and are full of delight and wonder to see themselves handsomer than ever before, and the subtlest compliment to be paid to a woman is to say that she looks as if she "had just stepped out of an old picture!" But not even for masquerade purposes do the old-time customs and habits re-appear. They are gone forever, more's the pity.

There was not in all New England a better illustration of this type of rural life than Captain Nathan Lamson's house afforded; and there were not to be found in all New England four more characteristic and typical young New Englanders than his four children, Lyddy, James, Newhall, and Waldo. As they sat of an evening around the small fireplace in the room which

was their dining-room and living-room all in one, and all in common for themselves and the strangers more or less who were always tarrying within their gates, they listened silently with eager eyes to every word spoken. The very repression in which they were obliged to listen—it would have been a bold child that in New England in the first quarter of this century would have dared to interrupt his elders by a question—intensified the depth of the impressions made. Puzzling problems suggested, points left vague were long remembered and talked over at odd moments and places, in the corn field, in bed, best of all, in bed, in the dark, when Lyddy would spare time to stay with the boys a little before she went down stairs to her spinning, not that she was idle while she sat and talked with them—no one ever saw Lyddy idle a moment. Her knitting was always in her pocket, and she could knit as well in the dark as in full light, could even turn a heel or “toe off” by the sense of feeling in her experienced young fingers; and many a man who sat only once, or it might be twice by Nathan Lamson’s fire, carried away with him a picture vivid for years of the sturdy girl with brown hair, keen gray eyes, quick temper, a ready laugh, and a keen wit, who little more than a child herself, yet bore the whole burden and care of her father’s household.

There was no girl like her to be seen anywhere—so cheery, so sensible, so industrious, and a capital housewife withal, a good cook, and orderly and neat. Captain Lamson was never afraid to take people home unawares to his “little girl,” as he called her.

There might not be much of a dinner, perhaps nothing but hasty pudding and milk, but there was plenty, and it was good; the milk’s sweetness was testimony to the brightness of the pewter pans; and as for the butter and the bread, even Lyddy herself said proudly she didn’t “knock under to nobody on bread and churnin’.”

There came down every year, sometimes twice a year, past Captain Lamson’s, a young New Hampshire farmer named Eben Ordway. He was well to do according to the standards of that time, owned a large tract of land just across the New Hampshire southern border, and raised stock. Sometimes he came down with large droves, a hundred or more fine, clean, well-fed cattle, for which he got good prices in the large towns and in Boston.

The first time Eben staid over night at Captain Lamson’s he was so put out at having to stop that he hardly spoke or looked at anybody. It must be owned that a good temper was not in Eben Ordway’s list of virtues; moreover, his type of bad temper was one of the worst—it was slow, smoldering; it never had a good clearing up storm, which, even if it does thunder, lighten and hail, leaves the sky brighter, the earth sweeter afterward. Eben’s ill temper was of the sort which simply clouds over, and stays cloudy for days—a thing far more trying in either indoor or outdoor weather than any number of short gusts.

It had happened on this day that Eben had met at a road crossing, another drover with a herd as big as his own, and in the twinkling of an eye the two herds had got so mixed up and unruly that it had taken a long time to separate them—just long enough time to make it impossible for Eben to reach his market town that night, and the stop at Lamson’s would bring him in the next morning too late for the first and best chance at sales. Altogether it was vexing, and not to be wondered at perhaps that he was out of sorts; still most men, even thus vexed, would have had eyes for Lyddy at supper, but Eben had not. He ate surlily,

and went at once to bed, to be up and off again long before light, and not a word, good, bad or indifferent to any body did he speak, paid his score before retiring, and would have nothing set out for him to eat in the morning, for it would be not much past the middle of the night when he pushed on again.

It was not often that they had so unsatisfactory a guest under their roof, and when, a few weeks later, on his way home he came again for a night’s lodging, Lyddy said to the boys:

“Oh, dear, that cross fellow again! I wish we hadn’t a bed in the house! It’s no fun keeping a tavern for men like him. He’s as cross as two sticks.”

But when she sat down at supper she changed her mind. Eben in good humor was another man, and he was in good humor now, for the night at Lamson’s had been in his plan from the beginning. He had not been so cross on his previous visit but that he had observed how good was the fare, how clean the bed.

Such quarters were not to be found on many of the New England roads. He would go and come henceforth always by way of Lamson’s, and stop there whenever he could make it come right, he had resolved then; but being in ill humor, he did not take the trouble to say so, or show either pleasure or gratitude; from which is plainly to be seen that he had something poor and churlish in his nature.

Nevertheless, he became, from this day, idealized and idolized by Lyddy, and his brief visits each spring and autumn were the secret dates to, from and by which she reckoned time, hope and happiness in her simple life.

Small chance for love-making in these brief visits. Neither was Eben Ordway a love-making man.

If truth were told, it must be confessed that the thing which first drew his thoughts seriously to Lyddy was not her frank, honest face, her laughing eyes, or her bright and kindly ways; it was her housewifely traits, her industry, her skill as a cook, her neatness and order. Except for these, her gray eyes and merry cheeks, even her merry tongue had not won him. But once won, once assured of her love for him, he became slowly more and more enamored of her; and it was with a passionate grief, touching even to himself, that, with incredulous ears, touching even to himself, he heard Lyddy reply to his first words of actual wooing.

“Oh, Eben! You know I can’t ever leave father—father and the boys!”

“Can’t leave your father!” he exclaimed. “I’d like to know why.”

“I should think you could see why,” retorted Lyddy, with spirit. “What would they do without me?”

“Well, I know,” replied Eben; “but a man can’t expect his daughter to stay and slave for him all her days. He must get a wife. Your father must marry again. There are plenty of women would be glad to have him.”

“I don’t call it slaving!” cried Lyddy, “and I don’t believe father’s ever thought of marrying anybody since mother died. I don’t want any stepmother ordering the boys round, I’m sure!”

“Besides,” she added, in a softer tone, “there wouldn’t any stepmother in the world ever do what I would to get Waldo through college. I’m bound to have him go to college, Eben, if I have to work my fingers to the bone for it, and it’ll take pretty near that to do it. I’ve got father to let him go to the ‘cademy this year. He hasn’t any idea how near Waldo is to being fitted. He can enter Dartmouth next year, he says, and that’s where he’s going, Eben, if I’m above ground.”

The more Lyddy said of words like this the more Eben Ordway wanted her for his wife. What fire, what energy, what devotion! Did it not seem a shame that they should not find their own natural sphere in creating a home and compelling destinies for her own children, instead of being spent on the lesser bond of sisterly and filial affection? Indeed it did. There was right on Eben Ordway's side; but he could not move Lyddy. Almost he doubted whether she loved him, so stanchly she stood her ground.

"I love you, Eben, and I ain't a bit ashamed to say so; but I can't marry anybody so long as father and the boys need me. I promised mother I wouldn't leave them, and I won't. If father ever should take it into his head to marry a second time, why, that would alter everything; but I won't have anything said to him to make him think on 't. If you say a word to him I won't have a thing to do with you ever again. Eben Ordway, remember that."

"I shall wait for you, Lyddy," said Eben, at last, worsted at every point; and so browbeaten by the courageous and unsentimental girl that he really half doubted if he were not committing a sin in asking her to marry him. "I shall wait for you!"

"You'd better not. I sha'n't hold you to no promise of the kind," answered Lyddy. "You'll be a great fool if you do anything of the kind. There's plenty of girls would do just as well for your wife 's I should, and you haven't got but one life to live."

"Well, I suppose I am a fool," Eben replied, half sullenly; "but a man's got a right to be a fool if he wants to."

"No, he hasn't," said Lyddy. "He hasn't got any such right at all, and I shall think better of you, Eben, when I hear you've given up thinking of me and settled down with a wife of your own."

But Lyddy's eyes were hazy when she said these words, and her cheeks flushed with more than the heat of the discussion. It was a great deal harder for her than Eben Ordway dreamed to thus resolutely put away the beckoning vision of husband, children, home of her own. But if it had been a thousand times harder than it was she would have done it no less unflinchingly. Her promise held her. "He that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not," she had more than once said to herself, fortifying her failing resolution by the Scripture words which seemed now, to her excited fancy, to have been inspiringly written to meet just such cases as hers.

It was a long time before Eben gave up all hope.

He waited with reasonable degree of patience during the four years of Waldo's collegiate course. When Lyddy had attained that ambition, he thought she would, perhaps, relent; but no, there was yet to come the Andover Theological Seminary. Waldo must be a minister of the gospel. Added to her ambition as a sister—that he should have a liberal education—now came the fervent desire of a Christian, that he should consecrate that education to the service of the Lord.

In a great revival, which had swept through the country in the autumn of Waldo's second college year, he at the college and Lyddy at home, had "experienced religion," as the phrase was, on the same day. This added a new and special link to the already strong bond uniting them. Not a field on the farm through which the solemnly happy Lyddy had not walked alone, in rapt exaltation, feeling that at last had been made clear the purpose of the Lord, in nerving her to carry the difficult point of sending Waldo to College. He was to be raised up to preach the gospel. It was for

that the boy's rare talent had been given him. It was for that her own ingenuity had been so kindled to successful effort at saving and earning money to pay for his education.

"The hand of the Lord was in the thing," she said, and went on her self-sacrificing, hard-working way, surer than ever that her path of duty lay at home.

As the years went on, and regularly as spring and autumn came, came Eben with his suit. Lyddy grew colder and colder to him. There seemed to her new-born religious sense a quarreling with the manifest will of Providence in the way in which the man persisted in seeking to divert to his sole use and selfish purpose a life so plainly set apart for other needs as was hers. She said so one day, upon which Eben "flew out," as Lyddy phrased it, and told her she did not know what love meant.

"Maybe I don't," she replied, in a sarcastic tone, but with trembling lips, which smote Eben's better self.

"Well, at any rate, you don't love me 's well 's you used to, Lyddy," he said.

She looked at him reflectively.

"I think I do," she said, "but I ain't going to deny that I've changed some in my opinion of you, as I've come to know your temper better. I can't see as I love you any less, though; but whether I do or don't, can't make a mite of difference to you, Eben Ordway, one way or the other; for its just here in this house that the Lord's set my feet and showed me the way to walk, and told me to walk in it, and here I shall stay!"

Eben went away angry, and vowed he would never say a word to Lyddy Lamson again about marrying him—never. But when he heard, a few months later, that her eldest brother, Newhall, had married and brought home his bride, and that an addition was being builded on to the Lamson house for the young couple, he mounted his horse and rode, post haste, for Lyddy's door.

Now there was no reason under heaven why she should not leave her father and come with him. He had served for her longer than Jacob's first term of serving for Rachel. He would ask her once more.

Even Lyddy herself perceived that it could not now be so plain to other eyes than her own why she must still stay on at home, and she faltered almost apologetically as she said:

"I don't expect you to see it as I do, Eben. There are things that can't be said outside the family; but Newhall's wife is not the sort of woman to take care of father, and there'll be a lot of children growing up here that will need me worse than ever my mother's children did. I've got my hands full now, Eben, for the rest of my life, and you and me, we might as well say goodbye to each other first as last!"

"Goodbye it is, then!" exclaimed the angry Eben.

"Yes! Goodbye it is!" echoed Lyddy, with a smile meant to be brave, but was only pitiful, and that was the last word of the sort between them.

When, a year later, the news came down from the North that Eben Ordway had married a young girl only eighteen, Lyddy said frankly:

"I'm glad he's married. I wish he'd had the sense to marry somebody nearer his own age; but, anyway, he's married, and that's a comfort;" and she meant what she said.

And that was the end of the only romance in the life of the Lady of Ensworth County.

At this time she was, as Massachusetts women phrase it, "just turned of thirty;" young, to be also "just

turned of" all hopes of husband, home, children; but Lyddy did not falter.

"This is the path. Walk ye in it," sounded ever in her ears, and the sound, though authoritative, was not harsh to her.

If she had ever had an idle moment regrets and re- pinings might have sprung up in her breast, for she was a woman of a warm nature, as loving as she was strong, but idle moments did not occur in her life. As one end and aim after another were attained, new ones rose in her energetic mind. Waldo's college course and theological studies were ended, and he had already been called to a professorship in one of the newly founded New England colleges. This was an gratification to Lyddy. She had not worked in vain for Waldo. She had lifted him to a vantage ground where he would be a power for good as long as he lived. That he was also winning for himself recognition as a scholar and a thinker was a delight which the conscientious woman was honestly afraid she might be tempted to dwell upon too much to the overshadowing of the idea of his being a worker in the Lord's vineyard.

She had not been far from the mark when she said that her brother Newhall's children were going to need her more than her own brothers' had done. They came fast, as poor men's children always do, and if it had not been for the ready arms of "Aunt Lyddy," would have had scant nursing. The new burdens brought new pleasures, however; the motherly instinct, so large in her nature, throve on the vicarious food thus offered, and proved itself equal to the steadily increasing demand on it year after year.

Before she was forty years old she was vice-mother to a family of six boys and girls, all of whom went to her in trouble, cried for her in illness, leaned on her, teased her, obeyed her, loved her as if they were her own.

The two families lived separately under the common roof, a wise precaution of the far-seeing Lyddy which had in the outset gone sorely against her father's preference. But she had carried her point, and hundreds of times before his death the old man had thanked her for it, saying:

"You were right, Lyddy, you were right. I couldn't have stood so many children running over me. It's best as it is. I don't know how you stand it as you do, being in there day and night."

"Oh, I can come home when I want to," laughed "Aunt Lyd," as the children called her. "I needn't stay any longer than I please. I do so like to be quiet once in a while."

"Aunt Lyd's part," was the children's name for the five rooms in which their grandfather and aunt lived, and into which they went often to dinner by invitation as to another house. Wise Lyddy! The quarter part of her influence over them would have been lost had they all lived in one great tumultuous family together.

It was a hard-working life. The farm would never be a profitable one do what they would with it. Hay was its best crop, never luxuriant. Acres of it were covered with scrub oak, growing from soil in which nothing but blue berries and huckle berries flourished. These were a by no means insignificant source of income to the women of the family. It would be hazardous to try to reckon up the tons of these which were picked by their tired, unresting hands. It was a curious mental process by which the New England farmer of those days brought himself to take the view of partition of rights, which made it not only possible but natural for him to say, as hundreds of them did, and do still, "We

let the women have all they can make by picking berries!"

It was from the sale of these unreckoned, unreckonable berries that "Aunt Lyd" got all her pocket-money, the money that went far toward the carrying of Waldo through college; but his wages as schoolteacher eked and helped him through Andover, and when all that was over, sought for itself new channels in missionary fields. Now it was a box for a home missionary, or a year's subscription to a colporteurs' fund; then it was the board of a Nestorian child in Persia, or the expenses of a missionary to the Micronesian Islands. No corner of the world too remote for Lyddy's benevolence, and she launched her little ventures of contributions bound to farthest wildernesses with unquestioning faith in their doing good as if she had sent them to a poor neighbor just round the corner. The *Missionary Herald* was always to be seen lying about in her rooms, to be caught up for odd moments of reading. When it was in its place it lay on top of the Scott's Bible, and was held in nearly equal reverence. It represented the outer horizon of Lyddy's interests and aims. But bright and luring as this outer horizon was, it never diverted her eyes from or dimmed her vision of nearer needs of her own family, her own neighborhood, her own country. The lesser call fell as clear on her ear as the greater; neither hindered the other.

As time went on the warmth of her helpfulness became felt in countless ways and places, and she gradually came to be called "Aunt Lyd" wherever she was known, even in the Ensworth Alms House, where for years she made a practice of going once a week if the "men folks" could spare a horse to carry her so often, to read to poor old men and women lingering out their dreary last days there.

If "the minister's wife," that most piteous, overworked beneficiary in all New England, broke down and was ill, or was reported as being "dreadfully behindhand with her sewing," "Aunt Lyd" put a change of raiment and a thimble in her bag and went "over" to stay a week or so to put the house to rights, straighten out crooked places, and give "a lift at the sewing."

When epidemics raged and sick and dying lay suffering for attention "Aunt Lyd" was the first thought in everybody's mind. "If Miss Lamson could only be got to come," strangers and friends alike said, "that would be better'n any doctor."

There was one memorable occasion of this sort, the traditions of which will never die out in the town.

A poor and shiftless family, not long in the place, were all stricken down with the most malignant form of diphtheria—father, mother, four children, lying at death's door. After the first two deaths neighbors stood aghast, as at the presence of the plague. The sufferers were literally alone in their home. No one dared to cross the threshold. Here was one of "Aunt Lyd's" unmistakable opportunities. As soon as she heard of the situation she said: "Taint Christian to let any human being lie and die that way. I'm going straight over there to nurse those folks." And, spite of all remonstrances, she went, stayed through all to the terrible end, and with her own unaided hands prepared the bodies for burial, even the undertaker shrinking from the terrible task. The mother and two children died blessing her; the third child, the youngest, was saved, solely by the tireless nursing, night and day.

"It would have been a disgrace to the town," was all "Aunt Lyd" said when she returned home—"a burning shame to the town to let folks die without any

nursing. It might happen to anybody to be taken down that way. It would look well if folks had got to be left alone because their sickness was catching." She "guessed" folks "weren't any more likely to die for doing their duty than they were for letting it alone." She wasn't "one mite afraid of catching that diphtheria;" which was no doubt one great reason that she came out unharmed from her long vigil in the pestilence-stricken house.

And thus the years sped on. Aunt Lyd was an old woman before she knew it. Her nephews and nieces were in their turn fathers and mothers, and she was grandmother to all their children. Now her circuit was widening fast. In one New England town after another had been set up modest young homes, into which "Aunt Lyd's" coming meant help and cheer. If a child fell ill, "perhaps 'Aunt Lyd' could come," was the first thought of the young father or mother, as it had been of their parents before them. And "Aunt Lyd" always went—the only question in her mind being, who needed her most.

Her father, now very aged, was childlike and feeble, but his real needs were few; and with that clear-sightedness which never failed in its recognition of proportions, "Aunt Lyd" felt that her temporary absences, which were of such importance to others, did not in reality involve any serious loss to him, much as they grieved his childish old heart; and she therefore thought it right to go.

There were now adult nieces at home, and a married nephew who had elected to remain and try his fortunes with his father on the farm. It is strange what a hold even the most unremunerating land can get on the affections of a man born and raised on it. Not a foot of those barren hills and scanty scrub-oak clearings that the Lamson boys, first, second and third generations, had not loved.

The house was overflowing now—too full for comfort—and there was money enough to build a new one; but the old grandfather—great-grandfather now—pleaded that it should not be done in his day. "It would not be long," he said.

And it was not. He fell asleep one night and never waked again; and after all was over, and he had been laid away in the burying-ground by the side of the wife who had waited there near half a century for him, Aunt Lyd found herself smitten, for the first time in her life, with a keen pain of loneliness.

The headship of the house had passed into other hands. While her father had lived she had represented him and it. Now, her brother—himself old, and his son, no longer young—owned the Lamson farm. Aunt Lyd was, in the New England vernacular, "well provided for." She was to have her own "part" of the new house which should be built; her free living off the farm, as heretofore; nothing which the law could provide for in way of making her comfort assured was left undone in the will, which her father had made many years before his death.

Neither was there in the heart of one of her kinsmen or kinswomen anything but warm, reverent love and gratitude towards her.

But all that the letter of the law, and all that the bond of love could do, could not make her life the same as it had been—could not give her the same complete sense of home. She had not dreamed that she would feel this so much.

The tearing down of the old house was a terrible grief to her. The necessity of doing it she never questioned for a moment, but that made it no easier to bear.

The new house was roomy, and far more comfortable; plenty of accommodation for the two families, and for Aunt "Lyd," to still live by herself in her three rooms, if she chose; but she saw that it would be a greater tax on the income if she did this, so, without any discussion, or any heart-burning, she quietly took up her abode with her nephew's wife, who had from the first been especially dear and congenial to her. The only token of her diminished enjoyment of her home life was in her increased willingness to spend time away from it. For some years she was away the greater part of the time, first in one home then in another, working tirelessly in all, only going home "for visits," as she said. Even after she was long past seventy, she found constant opportunities for usefulness in this way. Her health and strength were wonderful. In her seventy-fifth year she thought nothing of walking of an afternoon, for a shopping excursion, four miles, to a neighboring town, and back again, carrying her bundles with her.

But the threatening of the end came at last, very suddenly. Without any premonition of failing strength or health, she had, one day, a slight stroke of paralysis, which rendered her right arm nearly useless. Disease could not have taken a harder shape, to "Aunt Lyd." Of death she had no fears. Pain she would bear. But helplessness, uselessness—they would be to her intolerable. It seemed, indeed, a cruel reward for her long life of helpful devotion to others, that she must now sit idle. This wrung from her courageous eyes tears, which no other loss, no other suffering, could have made to flow.

"I've got to be reconciled!" she said, pathetically, over and over; "but I can't be, I can't be. I don't know as the Lord'll forgive me; but I shan't ever be reconciled to it; not as long as I live!"

And she never was. The last years of her life were sad ones. Fate had laid upon her the one burden she did not know, and could not learn, how to bear. It was piteous to see her; and when, at last, she was released, those who loved her best were glad for her sake.

This is the outline of the life of the Lady of Ensworth County. It is, as the title says, "A Portrait."

She was born in 1799, and she died a few months ago. She was not born, as has been plain by this sketch, to any estate, either of worldly goods or of social distinction. Many might question her right to the title I have given her, for the majority of the prominent people of the county never heard her name.

She herself would have been the first to smile at the idea of the sort of prominence involved in the phrase the "Lady of the County." Her native modesty and her sense of humor would equally have refused the designation. Had it been spoken in her presence, she would most likely have stretched out her hands to view, and with her own inimitable, shrewd, chuckling laugh have said:

"Those are not the hands of a lady. They are the hands of a hard-working woman;" and the withered pink on her wrinkled cheek would have deepened a shade or two from the vigorousness of her refusal of the epithet.

This withered pink on her cheeks was the only trace left to her old age of the comeliness of her youth; this, and a curious slow twinkle in the faded gray eyes. They must have been very laughing eyes in the beginning, and for many years, for, even to the end, they kept this twinkle.

Towards the last it took longer and longer to gather, almost as if the muscles of the eye had stiffened till

they drew themselves up with difficulty, as did the other muscles of the, at last, tired body; but constant use prevented their ever entirely losing the kindly trick. The temples were crossed and re-crossed with the well-worn ways on which laughs had come and gone for so many years; well worn, indeed, furrows rather than wrinkles, were the lines which had kept record of this lady's humorous thoughts for the best part of a century.

I have sometimes wondered and wished I knew how her face looked—this is a portrait I have been trying to draw—to the eyes of strangers, what was thought of it, or if it were often observed by men and women who met her going about in her unobtrusive fashion in the streets, in railway cars, at church, or missionary meetings, at sick-beds in almshouse or wherever it might chance to be that her help was being given in moments of need or distress.

She was small of stature and awkward in shape and motion, her garments always of the plainest sort, with no approach to fashion in fabric or in cut. If she had in her mind any rules of dress beyond the necessities of decency and warmth they would doubtless have been found in some of Paul's Epistles to the churches.

There was therefore nothing in her personal bearing or her clothes to commend her to the esteem of those who judge after the manner of men by the outward attire; neither were her manners of the sort to win the approving notice of that class. They were the manners of a country-reared, country-bred woman who had had neither time, taste, nor money for the learning of worldly behavior. Her only points or possibilities of contact with

her fellow-beings lay in the direct, outspoken, honest interchanges of practical sympathy, affection, assistance, advice, counsel or reproof. Whatsoever was more than these "savored," to her way of thinking, "of superfluity," if not of "naughtiness." Hence she knew none of the minor courtesies or fashions of surface intercourse. She was silent, absent-minded, abrupt, ungracious, tender, humorous, unselfish, tireless, all and each in succession according to the hour, day or place.

If, as some writer of sentimental whimsey has somewhere suggested, we go about in life invisibly escorted on right and left by the traits which do most distinguish, and the sins which do most easily beset us, it might be said of this lady that whenever she stirred abroad there went with her a viewless and well-nigh innumerable convoy, bearing only two names among them all—sincerities and benevolences.

Of these two noble families came all her escort; under these two names broadly interpreted were all her traits to be reckoned; and as for besetting sins, if she had any, they came under the same heads, as is easy to imagine, and as we well know is often the case with the best of virtues.

Much more might be written of her; but it would be all of the same sort. Portraits of this order are but given in outline. Such lives shed light which biographies cannot explain or analyses define.

"The healing of the world
Is in its nameless saints. Each separate star
Seems nothing, but a myriad scattered stars
Break up the night, and make it beautiful."

SOMETHING ABOUT MUSIC.

It was a season of recreation, I remember, and I had gone to the music-hall of our beautiful college to enjoy a quiet half-hour at one of the pianos. The short, cold day was already done, and the light which fell through the windows of the apartment was softened and indistinct.

For once, the many instruments on the floor were hushed. The doors of the music-rooms were closed, and a silence, strange and unnatural there, had fallen upon the place.

Occasionally, the sound of voices, now in gay conversation and now in light laughter, ascended from the lower halls, but, practically, all was still. As I stood listening, a feeling of isolation and loneliness stole over me, such as I had never before experienced, and have seldom since known. It was fraught with rest and peace, and seemed to lift me above the noise and turmoil of the world about me, into a purer and more elevated sphere. I sat down to the piano at length, and, for a time, my fingers strayed idly over the keys. Then, slowly and half-unconsciously, I began that simple yet beautiful composition of Wyman's, "Woodland Echoes." It was my custom to play it at that hour.

I had done so for many years; but to-night it afforded me a peculiar pleasure. I do not think I thought much of the piece, or what it was. I am not even sure I had any definite idea of what I executed. I only know the soft, sweet chords made a pleasant accompaniment to my reverie, which was of the past.

The melody had been taught me when a little child. I had always loved it. I love it still. I think I must have played a long time, repeating the strains again and again, without noticing what I did. Suddenly the door of my music-room was opened softly, and a lady entered. I readily recognized in her our teacher of fine art, and felt no little surprise at her appearance. I was not an art student myself, and had, therefore, no acquaintance with Mrs. Gilmore. Occasionally I met her in the corridors, or on the stairs, when we exchanged a formal recognition and passed on our respective ways. I had had the honor of no conversation with her, and though I knew her to be an exceptional artist, was not aware that she possessed either taste or fondness for music.

Her face, as I recall it on the evening of which I write, did not impress me as regularly beautiful, but she had a bright, intellectual expression, which gave her a singular charm. She inclined her head slightly in token of salutation as she came in, and I half-rose from my seat to greet her. But she motioned me to continue playing, and I accordingly did so. The gloaming had fallen now, and the music sounded weird and strange in the still twilight.

Mrs. Gilmore came close to the piano and watched me with intense interest. When I turned from the instrument, I was struck by the great change which had passed over her face during my performance. A glow suffused her cheeks, a wonderful light burned in her dark eyes. She looked a poetess inspired, I thought, or an artist gazing on some dazzling vision

seen only by herself. She looked everything noble and pure and good as she stood beside me, seemingly unmindful of my presence. At last she said softly, "Please play it again." I silently complied.

When I had done, she drew a long, deep breath, and looked up with a bright smile.

"Yes, I see it all now," she cried. "It was not quite plain before. There is a pretty stream of water rippling through the midst of a green wood. It is Spring, I think. Early flowers are blooming here and there, and the birds sing gayly in the sunshine. Some willows droop over the brink of the stream and lave their branches in its clear current. They impart a pensive, melancholy grace to the whole scene. A faint perfume of violets is on the air, and it is early morning. Yes, it is quite plain now. What did you call it?" "Sounds from the Wildwood," was that it?"

I looked at Mrs. Gilmore in undisguised astonishment. When I could speak, I told her I had played Wyman's "Woodland Echoes," and said, "What a beautiful interpretation you have given of it! Surely you have heard it before." "No," she replied, "never. I like it. It is simple and dreamy, and suggests a quite morning ramble."

I was filled with wonder, and asked Mrs. Gilmore if she interpreted all pieces as easily as she had done my little favorite. "No," she returned, "some are more difficult, and require much time and thought. But all must be analyzed at last, you know. Without accurate analysis, there can be no proper execution, since the expression must be lost. One who renders compositions he cannot interpret, is as one reading fluently a language he cannot translate."

I had studied some years' under excellent music professors. I regarded myself as far from an indifferent performer, but never in my life had I heard anything like Mrs. Gilmore's idea on this subject. That it impressed me very deeply, I need not say. I had been taught certainly that, in order to play well, one should have some general conception of the character and sentiment of the composer whom he portrayed. I had indeed been told that a knowledge of the circumstances attending the production of a solo or reverie, if it could be obtained, was extremely desirable, as it would aid in the execution, but that a minute analysis of any composition was possible, I had never before heard hinted.

"You surely play yourself, Mrs. Gilmore," I said when she had finished speaking, "You talk so beautifully of music, and understand it so well."

"I do not play now," she answered very sadly, "nor have I done so for more than three years. My art has occupied me completely of late. I have had no leisure for music. But my love for it is unchanged, and sometime—we all expect much of the future, you know—sometime I hope to resume my study of it." There was something in Mrs. Gilmore's pathetic tone as she uttered these words which touched me very deeply. After a pause, she continued, "I heard you playing to-night. I was in the studio. I thought the theme simple and pretty and could not resist coming to listen to it here. You will pardon the liberty I have taken."

I assured her I felt honored by her interest. The tea bell rang then, and our conversation terminated.

I need scarcely say we were often together after this, nor that, through Mrs. Gilmore, I attained a higher ideal of music, and a purer conception of its execution. She interpreted many things for me in an extremely beautiful and graceful manner, and my playing hence-

forth became wholly unlike what it had been. She often entreated me with great earnestness to render nothing I could not accurately analyze. She said to do so was to be unjust to the composer, and to desecrate his work. "Not that you can hope always," she would explain, "to grasp fully the spirit and sentiment of the author, by no means, but you may, in every case, form a comprehensive idea of the rendition you attempt which will be of invaluable assistance to you." It all seemed very strange to me at first, and I feared I should never be able to make the interpretations satisfactorily. But Mrs. Gilmore was a very patient teacher. Very soon I was able to analyze simple passages quite easily, and her pleasure in my success was scarcely less than my own.

One circumstance troubled me not a little. I made an analysis of something one day, I do not remember what, which I carried to Mrs. Gilmore for examination. She regarded it attentively for some time, and then said, in her quiet, meditative way, "It is very good, I think, and extremely original. Now shall I give you my interpretation of the same melody?" I bowed, and listened in surprise as she proceeded. There was not the slightest similitude between the rendering she made and my own. My dismay can better be imagined than described. I never doubted my analysis was entirely wrong, and felt quite sure I should abandon all attempts at interpretation for the future.

I suppose something of what was passing in my mind revealed itself in my face, for Mrs. Gilmore presently said:

"You need not be concerned by the unlikeness of our conceptions. There is absolutely nothing in this, at least, nothing to occasion either of us anxiety. Let me explain. The great Wagner calls music the only introspective science. He believes that all other sciences tend to draw the mind out, and to fix it on external things, but that music so far differs from all these as to enable the heart to contemplate itself. A number of persons listening to the same composition may, therefore, make various interpretations of it, yet each be practically correct in his analysis, since each may find in it the expression of some passion or emotion peculiar to himself."

I cannot express the consolation and delight this information afforded me. It did not mislead me in any way. I saw instinctively that to grasp the composer's conception of any production must be to grasp all that was highest and truest in it. But I saw, too, that the impress of one's own character would inevitably rest on his analysis.

Years have elapsed since I last talked with Mrs. Gilmore; but the grateful remembrances I cherish of her can never pass away. I never listen to music now without some definite idea of what it shadows forth. I never feel justified in rendering any composition the meaning of which I cannot accurately explain. I have learned to embody thoughts and sentiments in productions of my own, but I have never forgotten her who first opened to me the world of mystic harmony in which I have found so much.

I would that many might rise to the lofty conception of the art which she entertained. I would that what I have written here might inspire many to study music analytically as well as theoretically. I can assure any who may be so inclined that the recompense is very great, and I believe with Mrs. Gilmore that he who is content with sound without soul is content with a foreign language without its translation.

MAY HEBERLING.



THE STORY OF A HOPELESS PATRIOT.

CHAPTER XIII.—"NOW!"

"I nearly had to wait."—*Louis XIV.*

"WHAT sort of a fellow is he?"

"Rather fresh, I should say," rejoined the head book-keeper of Adolphus Dobell & Co., bankers and brokers, doing business under the shadow of Trinity church.

It was early in the forenoon, and the employees were just getting down town for the day.

"Will he be here this morning?"

"So old Dolly said last night," replied Spaulding, the head book-keeper. "Did you get Gunwale's notes discounted?"

"Easily enough. The Copperas Bank took the paper," answered the note clerk.

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of several other employees, who promptly began their day's toil by gathering about Spaulding to discuss the new clerk whose arrival was momentarily expected. A young commission broker who did considerable curb-stone business for the firm, suddenly thrust his head inside the door and shouted:

"I say, Sticky?"

"Hello!" exclaimed Spaulding, answering to the nickname by which he was generally known.

"He's coming. Saw him on Nassau street a moment ago with the old man. Look sharp!" and he vanished.

After a brief interval Mr. Dobell, the head of the house, entered, followed by Walter Rawson. Every clerk in the place affected to be busy with his books. A few moments sufficed to introduce the young man to his future companions. Dobell did not believe in any formality, but merely said:

"Put him through, Spaulding. He wants to learn the business; give him a chance."

"He shall have it, sir," was the studiously polite reply.

Dolly Dobell, as he was popularly known, passed into his private office, and, so far as appeared from his actions, did not think of young Rawson again for months. The old broker was a thoroughly moral man, as the world goes. Though he professed religion, he tempered his creed to shorn sinners, and, on occasion, could be the jolliest fellow in the Juniper Club. He was a person of indifferent education, and his fortune had been wholly the result of an accident. He possessed a kind heart that at times asserted its supremacy over his natural hypocrisy. Brokers' clerks, struggling along under a load of small debts and the remorse of

unrealized hopes, were wont to guy him as "the little old man who gives 'pints,'" and pretended to despise his "lack of nerve" and his "childish sobriety."

Under these influences Walter undertook to learn the art of money-getting. Before many weeks he detected the first sophism of success, and weighed to a nicety the value of patience. "All things for him who waits," says the old saw; but "waiting" was next to impossible for a character like his. He saw that the trick of being patient consisted in knowing exactly when the moment came to say "Now!" and to act instantly. The patient man, in his opinion, was he who dashed forward with the future reasonably clear ahead.

Walter kept his secret, but set about to study out this theory of success, while he mastered the purely clerical details of his work.

Matters had meanwhile taken a sharp turn at Crum-pet. Under the spur of necessity, Mrs. Rawson had developed more energy and executive capacity than she had ever shown before. She moved quicker. Her blood circulated more freely. Her respiration became fuller—the vital current in her veins was better oxygenated. With new duties sufficient to occupy her mind, she found less opportunity to dwell upon the constant imminence of "spells," and she was soon able to withstand nervous attacks with fortitude. Her cheeks became ruddy. She entered on a new lease of life.

At her husband's death Mrs. Rawson had received the indifferent sympathy of the community—that Crum-pet sympathy that always comes too late—and it lasted just as long as there was reasonable probability that she would soon follow her companion to the grave. But when her health visibly began to improve; when out of her apoplectic habit was evolved the energy of a new existence, this community naturally despised itself for having been deceived.

The mental alertness of the widow was evident in her promptitude to recognize the changed feeling toward her and the tact displayed in overcoming it. Like many women, she never had known ambition. She had even been indifferent to public opinion. Now her eyes were open. She saw through the clear lens of her awakened mentality the local color given to all her acts. She comprehended that the first one whose interests would suffer was her son Walter. An advantageous marriage for him was of paramount importance.

Social standing in her own community she must have. It was essential to secure certain influences which she hoped to exert in the city in Walter's behalf. She at once set for herself the task of entering society. True, she had less money than formerly, but she had more sense.

Walter was calm and resolute. As we know, he had ideas of his own about the future. His marriage with Miss Vreeland gave him no real anxiety. He regarded it as certain to occur, though he thought he had observed that the lady's parents did not treat him as cordially as they had before the collapse of the Limestone Bank. He sometimes imagined, too, that Violet affected a haughtiness of manner in his presence that was unnatural. There was a difference in social position, he admitted to himself, between a landed proprietor at Crummet and a broker's clerk in New York. But change in Violet's heart? Never.

He had been in Dobell's office several months when he called at the Vreeland city mansion one evening to meet Violet. He was coolly received by her mother. Mrs. Vreeland came into the parlor, but did not evince any disposition to seat herself, and answered all his inquiries curtly. Violet had gone during the afternoon to visit friends at Tarrytown, he was told. There was apparently an uncertainty about her return. Mrs. Vreeland's manner absolutely forbade any of the questions which Walter, up to that moment, had felt himself fully entitled to ask. His heart told him that Violet was in the house, and that she either did not know of his presence or that his visit was unwelcome. Walter was almost faint as he bowed himself out. Though he did not intend to surrender meekly, he recognized the new sorrow that hung over him. Loss of father, fortune, and future wife were surely more than his share of affliction. He called the next day, and the next; but Violet was invisible. He wrote her, but no answers came. Must he give her up?

Despite his determination to hide the knowledge of his repulse from his mother, she read in his eyes the grief of a young man's heart when he made his weekly visit to Crummet. How changed was she! Her mother's sensibilities were aglow. Formerly, she might have detected his paleness; now, with her thoroughly alert shrewdness, she saw beyond the quivering lips and drooping eyelids. Walter told her all.

This blow, which she had secretly feared but hoped would not fall, roused her. She became great; she rose to the emergency. She went to New York, consulted the family lawyer, discreetly mortgaged some city property of her own, and deposited the cash in the village bank. The carriage that she had given up at her husband's death because the exertion of riding wearied her, was re-established. She was driven along the river road every fair afternoon.

"Away with widow's weeds!" she said.

She became a regular attendant at church, and gave the lie to all rumors of poverty by dispensing charity in every direction that provoked comment. Dinner-parties next followed, served in every instance under the direction of the best caterer in New York. In a season's time she was the social nabob of the village, courted by the best of the summer residents, and invited to all their receptions and dinners in the city during the winters. To New York she transferred her residence in October, closing the Crummet homestead and occupying pleasant apartments at one of the best hotels. She found for Walter more desirable wives than Violet, but he never appeared to understand her schemes. He clung despondingly to his first love.

In his business, Walter's progress had been earnest and regular. Curiously, he was popular with his fellow-clerks, yet never sociable. Though he never criticised his employer in his absence, as did others, he did not truckle to him in his presence. He was quick to comprehend an order, and prompt to execute it. His clear, sonorous voice made him one of the best and surest buyers on the floor of the exchange, whenever he acted on Dobell's proxy. Yet, Walter sometimes thought his lot a very hard one. He had given up so much—his home life, his college career, his fortune, his intended wife, and with her his future happiness. He felt deserted and lonely, but never posed to himself as a martyr.

Nothing so dwarfs ambition as the self-consciousness of martyrdom. Other people's pity is hard enough to bear, but when a man once begins to sympathize with himself his pride vanishes for ever.

At the end of an unusually heavy day's work, Walter was detained by his books until after the other clerks had gone. The young man who acted as messenger, and whose duty it was to close the office, stood waiting. His manner was that of a preoccupied spectator, who had his mind full of anxiety. Finally, he said:

"I beg pardon, Mr. Walter, but I'd like to know one thing."

"There's very little about the business that I can tell you, George."

"O, it's not that."

"Well, what is it?"

"How much income a week should a young fellow have to marry?"

"Why, George, that's a queer question," answered Walter, half inclined to laugh until he saw the earnestness of his interrogator.

"But sir, do give me some idea."

"I really don't know. I suppose a couple of hundred," answered Walter, absent-mindedly.

"Merciful heaven!" exclaimed the messenger, half involuntarily; "it's a long way off." Then he sighed and said to himself: "Poor Rose, it 'ould break her heart."

"Really, George, you mustn't take my opinion as final," stammered Walter, anxious to save the feelings of a man who was suddenly revealed to him as a fellow-sufferer. A chord of sympathy was touched.

"I just thought I'd ask. I told Rose you'd know, surely."

"It's difficult to wait, but you'll have to learn," suggested Walter, merely to say something.

"But, poor Rose; she loves me so."

"Be satisfied, then," was the quick rejoinder. "A good girl's love is a fortune in itself. Treasure it in your heart, and you're the richest man in the street." Then he clapped his hat on his head and started for the door, muttering:

"Confound the fellow, he almost makes me preach."

George Cole locked up the doors, and carefully brushed his hat on his coat sleeve in the hall.

A few minutes later he was climbing the stairs to the top floor of a neighboring building, where lived gentle old Tidd, its janitor. The house was filled with brokers' offices, into all of which Tidd would penetrate, ere long, to clear up the wreck of the day. Personal integrity is rarely rated at its full value in this world. Here was a man who for twenty years had carried the keys to every office in this large building, who entered after all the proprietors and clerks had gone at night and before they returned in the morning. His methodical ways had counteracted numberless in-

stances of neglect in others. Money, bonds, checks, receipts, and valuable letters had been rescued from the paper mill by him. He never meddled, never read anything that was intended for other eyes, never pilfered even an envelope or a newspaper from the rooms he had under his care. He was a model janitor.

His daughter Rose was a bright girl of sixteen, who had grown up high above the smoke and turmoil of Wall street—in a pure atmosphere that the struggling slaves of Mammon never breathed. The few hours each day that she passed at school were all that were taken from her attendance on household duties, and devotion to young George Cole. He climbed to good Janitor Tidd's attic every afternoon after his day's service was complete. There he was treated as one of the family.

"What's wrong, George?" asked Rose, anxiously, the moment her lover entered that evening.

She was putting the cups on the table for the early supper which the family's peculiar hours of labor rendered necessary. Their work began when that of the tenants ended, and often continued until late at night.

"Why, Rose, just think of it; Mr. Rawson says I must earn two hundred dollars a week before we can marry." And the silly fellow was on the verge of shedding tears.

"Is that all? Well, he don't know anything about it. Come, set the chairs up on that side."

"But we must wait, Rose."

"Yes, a few years, perhaps, but not until your wages are at that figure."

The family entered, and the guest sat down with its members to sup.

Walter Rawson had come to New York with a few thousand dollars of ready money, which, fortunately, had not been on deposit in the Limestone Bank. Most of this sum he still had, and with it he hoped to retrieve his shattered finances. His interest in Professor Morton's invention had been forgotten. Walter had never seriously regarded it as assets, because he had not gone through bankruptcy. Probably he had not learned that the possession of stock certificates, costing little, but representing large sums on their face, is one of the modern methods employed by insolvent speculators to account for absent funds.

One day he received a letter from Professor Morton. It was postmarked Vienna, where he was exhibiting his speaking telephone at an international fair. Before a week all Europe was excited about the invention. Every mail from Europe brought news about the wonderful machine. Secret agents of large capitalists came to New York to buy all the shares that could be found. Almost before he knew of the demand the price rose to the fabulous figure of \$2,000 per share. Rawson looked over his boxes and found one thousand shares, and with a wisdom far beyond his experience, he allowed a covetous world to have the stock at that price, through a half dozen discreet brokers, in such a way that his ownership was never suspected.

Walter Rawson quietly deposited his two millions in four banks, and pursued the dreary routine of his office work. He was not slow, however, to take advantage of all information gained through his connection with the house of Dobell & Co., to operate for his own advantage. The rules of the office prohibited it, but arbitrary laws bind no man's conscience. An instance will suffice. A prominent customer of the firm and a director of the Harlem Railroad was closeted with Dobell one day. He left an order to buy several thousand shares of Harlem stock. Fort Sumter had been fired on a

month before; business was in confusion, and the buying of any stock for a rise appeared madness. Walter understood the situation, however. He recognized the purchaser's "inside" sources of information. He went out to luncheon at noon, and drawing his check for \$22,000, ordered his confidential broker to buy him two thousand shares of Harlem for cash. From \$11 the stock rose in five weeks to \$87 per share, at which price he sold out, realizing profits to the amount of \$150,000. Prosperity did not make him vain. His caution and silence were such that his fellow-clerks did not suspect the financial giant that was nursing in their fold.

His twenty-second birthday found him the possessor of two millions and a half of money, all self-acquired. Still he retained his clerkship at Dobell's, and drew his weekly salary of \$20 with the utmost punctuality. About that time an interesting incident occurred. Walter was lunching at Delmonico's on Beaver Street. A friendly hand touched him on the shoulder and a cheerful voice said:

"How are you, Walter?"

"Well; but very busy," answered the young man, turning to find Violet's father by his side.

"I'm sorry we don't see you at the house as often as we'd like, my boy."

"Indeed, Mr. Vreeland!"

"Yes; Violet and her mother often speak of you, and complain that you are attending so closely to business that you forget all your old friends. You must come up," and the social diplomatist moved off before Walter had time to stammer a reply.

As the moth returns to the flame, so does the lover to his lady. Walter was so overjoyed that he did not stop to ascertain that old father Vreeland was a director of a bank which had half a million of his money. So long as Violet had appeared indifferent to his visits, Walter thought he had successfully mastered his affection for her; but now that he had even an indirect intimation that she loved him, he forgave all the heartache that he had charged to her account. In the impetuosity of his devotion he did the weak act of his life. How could Walter seek for hidden motives in a heart that he had studied from boyhood?

"Dear girl, I always thought she loved me," he explained to himself. Then he concluded, more thoughtfully: "I'll make another appeal to chance—I'll marry her."

CHAPTER XIV.

PROFESSIONAL PLATITUDES.

"I CONFESS to being entirely baffled," said ex-Surgeon-General Prentiss, as he sank into one of the great arm-chairs in Cotton Mather's smoking-room at "The Willows" after dinner.

"You surely understand something of her malady by this time?" queried the host.

"Candidly, no. She is absolutely controlled by impulse—a slave to the unexpected."

The eminent specialist in nervous diseases delighted in epigram. If he only understood what his well-turned phrases meant he made himself sufficiently clear. The less others comprehended him, the more exalted ideas they generally had of his scholarship. But he was now addressing a different sort of person from the usual hypochondriac, a hard headed man of trade who thought all epigrams were riddles. Therefore, without evincing the slightest admiration, the merchant said:

"Yes, yes, I know. But, doctor, what the devil is the matter with the girl?"

"I regret to say I cannot diagnosticate her case," an-

sawed the specialist in nervous and mental diseases, considerably taken aback by the blunt manner of his companion.

"But surely you can offer some advice?" suggested Mather, with a slowness that implied both surprise and disgust.

"To indicate the difficulty of my task," began the physician, now on his mettle, "let me sketch out to you the facts as I have classified them after ten days of careful observation. When I first came to your house, ostensibly as your guest, I studied Miss Mootla, to detect, if possible, whether she suspected or had divined the object of my visit. At the end of forty-eight hours I was satisfied that she was thoroughly ignorant of your motive in sending for me. I began to think that I had a simple case of excessive vitality, as it were—to make myself clear to you. The cause did not concern me at that time, for I preferred to reason back from effect to cause."

"Well, how did you go about it?" exclaimed Mather, restlessly knocking the ash off his cigar.

"I cultivated her society as much as possible, without obtruding myself on her," continued the physician, affecting not to notice the interruption. "Here was a rather handsome young lady, perfectly healthy in body, but erratic and odd in her habits. Contrast, for instance, her apparent health with her capricious, even fantastic appetite. One day all food on the table is palatable; the next meal nothing pleases her. You will recall the circumstance of her dropping a glass of claret while at dinner on Monday?"

"Certainly; a trifling accident, liable to occur to anybody," was the somewhat sullen reply.

"There you are mistaken. I was observing her carefully at the moment. She let go the glass—I mean, purposely dropped it on the floor. That, too, without tasting the wine. For an instant her command over herself was magnificent. Nothing could exceed the calmness with which she covered up the results of the curious impulse to which, only an instant before, she had slavishly yielded. The impossibility with which she said to your butler, 'Another glass, Robert,' almost deceived me. You will admit that the incident hardly occasioned a passing thought."

"It really did not," rejoined Mather, manifesting more interest in the physician's conversation.

"I have observed that she has a marked relish for vinegar and all kinds of sour fruits, and also that the anemia thus induced augments her distemper. Her character is full of color—I might say, *bizarre*. Her affections are as deep as her hatreds; both classes of emotions seem readily within reach at an instant's notice—'on tap,' as it were, to make myself clear. Her charming and gentle disposition in the morning changes to gross incivility, without warning and generally without provocation. Her self-love is simply extravagant; but she is not incapable of the most disinterested acts."

"You are severe; but, upon my soul, I believe you are just," exclaimed the merchant, thoughtfully. He was probably going over in his mind the scene in the drawing-room when Mootla wounded his own vanity so deeply.

"The psychological novelties of the case are the exaggerated exhibitions of terror, joy, jealousy, love or rage, always out of proportion to the importance of the event evoking them, and sometimes an emotion directly contrasting with the natural one is seen. The most trifling event is enough to provoke enthusiasm or despair. Nobody I ever knew could cry so easily or

laugh so soon afterward. She has no idea of the simplicity of life, but makes of it a complication. Existence appears to her mind like a scene in a theatre. The regular every-day routine is transformed into a series of grave events, adapted to all manner of dramatic embellishments. Comedy, tragedy and the flat scenes of reality are all on the same plane. Has she ever been in love, Mather?" asked the doctor, giving an abrupt turn to the conversation.

"No, I am sure she has not," answered the merchant, but after a moment's pause he resumed long enough to say: "Unless—but I must not be ridiculous," and he chuckled to himself.

"I think I divine your thought. You would say 'Unless with the sacred cow.' Exactly the idea. That was an excellent example of exaggerated affection. The grand passion would produce a very different effect on her. But you are right, sir; I had answered the query in my own mind before I asked you. Mootla has never been in love! Such questions must be conclusively determined in a diagnosis of a case of hereditary hysteria, such as hers is.* Distempers of this kind have long been classed among erotic diseases, but wrongly I am satisfied. That hysteria is a nervous affection no longer admits of reasonable doubt."

To judge by his twistings and turnings in the great arm-chair he occupied, Mather was in danger of an attack of the same complaint.

"What is the trouble with Mootla? What is hysteria—how did she get it?" exclaimed the merchant, so seriously that the doctor was for an instant on the verge of subjecting himself to an unceremonious kicking through the door by laughing outright in the merchant's face. The struggle to keep back the smiles was almost too much for him, and nothing but the summary treatment which he knew his host capable of inflicting enabled him to control himself.

Cotton Mather was unlike his father in that respect; he could not endure ridicule. That was the only means of attack that aroused his anger; under its lash his temper became ungovernable. Even Mootla ventured upon that method of subjection with great tact and more discretion than she showed in any other way.

The distinguished surgeon grappled with the first part of the merchant's question more heroically than he would otherwise have done, in the hope of sooner forgetting its final clause and the manner in which it had been addressed to him. He hastened to say:

"Two opposite forces control or direct the acts of every human being—sentiment and will. The will enables us to command ourselves, as well as others. Sentiment, or to make myself clear, I may say judgment (or even discretion, to generalize) should direct the will. It indicates what is wise to tell, what to suppress; what emotions to obey, and what to reject. The absence of will in persons afflicted as Mootla is, soon destroys all discretion, and sentiment becomes merely whim. They do not comprehend what is meant by the power of ruling the passions. Like the hasheeh eaters, they float with the tide of fancy or enthusiasm. To them there seems to be no transition era between laughter and tears, despair and satisfaction."

"You have given me enough science, sir. I acquit you of a lack of observation, God knows; but, surely, you can tell me what I can do to check the progress of the distemper," said Mr. Mather, very seriously.

"I fear that I can do little for her. It is possible

* According to *L'Union Medicale*, January, 1884, the cure for hysterical women is to direct them to take champagne twice a day, but always out of a teacup.

that more excitement or society than she sees here might change the current in which her mind seems drawn. If she could be induced to surrender to some grand passion; in fine, if she could start on a happy married life by eloping with the man she loved, she would prove a model wife—she would be cured."

"Then you would recommend——"

"Marriage, sir."

Just as the diagnosis was complete, Mootla sprang into the room through an open window, and said, cheerily:

"Doctor, you are a specialist in mental disorders. Can you tell me why the eating of corrosive sublimate produces insanity in the cockroach?"

"What!" almost gasped the physician, realizing that Mootla had overheard his previous remarks.

"Yes; I began by feeding one of my pet cockroaches rat poison. It was fatal. Then I tried another on corrosive sublimate. It made him crazy as a hoodlum. The wretched roach tumbled somersaults, and it would not have required a Commission in Lunacy to adjudge him mad. I have started a private asylum for insane bugs. I am in search of a specialist."

The physician was non-plussed, but the merchant was highly amused. It did not require an "expert" to see that he enjoyed the rough handling "his wicked little girl" was giving the learned gentleman.

"You surprise me, Miss Mootla; you are, indeed, quite an experimentalist," stammered the doctor.

All this rattling badinage of the girl's, he comprehended, showed off his scientific disquisition in a ridiculous light. There was no stopping Mootla, now that she was started.

"The merit of my school of alienism is that I start toward the cure with a perfect knowledge of what has produced the disturbance in my patient. That is half the science of medicine, you doctors all admit. If I only knew the 'why,' which I had hoped you could give me, every link in my system of medicine would be complete. If corrosive sublimate produces insanity in a healthy organism, of course it would cure it in a diseased mind."

"Have you effected any cures?" asked the Surgeon-General with as much good humor as he could command.

"Let me think. Oh, yes, there was case No. 19—a complete triumph. The patient was a black beetle. He wouldn't touch the specific. For him not to eat it was for me to lose a patient. Old practitioners say they 'lose a patient' when he dies, but we of the new school lose him only when he resolutely refuses to get sick. Do you follow me?"

"I think so," stammered the physician as their eyes met.

"Well, how did you act?" asked Cotton Mather, earnestly, manifesting much more interest in Mootla's banter than he had in the "guaranteed" medical knowledge of the ex-Surgeon-General.

"It was an inspiration, uncle. I remembered that one can eat anything with plenty of curry. So I brought some from the kitchen and sprinkled the specific with it. The gentleman beetle ate ravenously, and I had him under a padded thimble-case in half an hour. He was roaring, raging crazy——"

"You use the pronoun 'he' in describing your patient. You should not be so cruel to the male sex."

"Well, I spoke of the beetle as 'he,' perhaps, because he opened his mouth at the wrong time," she answered, quick as a flash.

"And you cured him of the madness?"

"Perfectly."

"Give us the treatment."

"Certainly, in professional confidence. I took a very fine and sharp scissors and clipped off his head neatly."

Cotton Mather went into a convulsion of laughter.

"It was all one whether you did it neatly or not," quickly suggested the ex-Surgeon-General, thinking he saw an uncovered spot on which a foil's point might reach his masked antagonist.

"To the patient, yes; but to the science of surgery, no. As a beetle he was worthless; but as evidence of the efficacy of the cure I labelled him and pinned him to the wall."

"Sad fate."

"True; but it serves him right for coming within range of science——"

The housemaid entered to announce that the carriage was at the door, and ex-Surgeon-General Prentiss drew his watch much as he might have drawn a weapon of defence, to say:

"Bless me! I have only eight minutes to make the train!"

Mootla bowed coolly, turned sharply on her heel, went quickly through the door and into the conservatory, muttering:

"Idiot, ass—the spy!"

Cotton Mather hustled his "expert" into the carriage with less ceremony than usual, shut the door rather more abruptly than was his wont, and in a tone of ambiguous significance shouted to the coachman:

"Drive hard, Patrick; don't miss the train."

Each member of that trio was alone for at least an hour.

The distinguished surgeon was still blushing at his discomfiture. His chief consolation was found in the thought that he could square his account with the family by presenting an inordinately large bill for services.

Cotton Mather had enjoyed without comprehending the by-play. He admired Mootla more than ever. She, on the other hand, was the only one who knew exactly what she was about. She was seated in the conservatory, viciously tearing some flowers to pieces, stamping her foot, repeating, again and again:

"Confound his impudence."

The subject was only referred to after several weeks, and by Mootla. One evening as they walked on the lawn, she asked Mr. Mather:

"What is the punishment meted out to spies?"

"Death," was the innocent reply.

"And very justly," commented she.

Here the subject of Mootla's health dropped for all time. The merchant allowed the incident to pass into forgetfulness. He had every confidence that she would outgrow her bodily ailment. He arranged his business affairs, and then suggested a trip to Europe.

Mootla seized on the project with avidity. They sailed in a steamer from Boston. After a brief stay in Paris, guardian and ward went to Nice, where the winter was passed. Thither it is not the purpose of this narrative to follow them. The Americans attracted much attention. Mootla, in the full bloom of womanhood, was to be met every bright afternoon on the Promenade des Anglais, taking the air. Long drives on the Cornice road, frequent jaunts to Monaco, many daylight excursions on the water and by land, and numberless garden parties at night, with all the accompaniments of colored lanterns, music and dancing, made this winter season the happiest of Mootla's life. The

improvement in her health was so remarkable that Cotton Mather already declared himself to be the greatest "specialist" living.

Miss Daisy Miller, an alleged American girl, was met several times during the season; but Mootla resolutely kept the presumptuous young person out of her set. The Boston girl could not tolerate the greasy Italians

and impoverished Englishmen who were constantly seen in the lady's company. The courier who kept such scandalous espionage on Miss Miller, Mootla denounced without hesitation as a blackmailer and a rascal. Mootla was slightly the elder of the two women, and was infinitely the superior of Miss Miller in intelligence, education and tact.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MRS. BOLTON'S NURSEMAID.

BY CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM.

A SHORT stretch of beach. Rocks beyond on the one hand, a deep inlet on the other, and on the sand the only living objects in sight—two figures, one grave and one merry; one a girl of twenty, one a boy of five, stooping attentively over an embankment which the girl is carefully shaping. Her lower lip pouts and her white forehead wrinkles in the earnestness of her effort to meet the requirements of her hard master, who, laughing gleefully, volubly issues his commands and suggestions in a shrill, clear voice.

"Higher in the middle, Auntie Kate! Make it big and high like a truly fort. Is it like a truly fort—say, Auntie Kate, is it?"

"Yes, Ray; I'm sure it must be," replies the girl, sinking back as far as possible in her kneeling posture and putting up her hands to her loosened hair as she studies her edifice.

A hearty, ringing masculine laugh causes her to glance quickly up and see a man with a child enthroned on his shoulder come striding down among the rocks at her left. He springs out upon the sand and swings the child, a puny little creature, down upon the beach, then takes his hand and leads him slowly toward the other couple, who are already re-absorbed in their building operations.

"What are we going to do here, pop?" asks his charge, in a querulous, plaintive voice. "Oh, see there," catching sight of the damp sand-fort. "Make one like that for me, please?"

"It shall be done, your highness," responds his companion, not without a regretful glance, which compares the feeble little fellow by his side with the sturdy Ray, who throws an indifferent look over his shoulder at the new-comers.

The latter settle down at a respectful distance from the fascinating fort, and the gentleman essays to copy the same, being put on his mettle by the rather discouraging comments of his charge.

"Come now, Bertie, that isn't going to be so bad," he says at last; and the child claps his hands, while his tired little face lights up with pleasure.

"It's splendid, pop! It's better than theirs. It's higher."

"Theirs is higher than ours, Auntie Kate," admits Ray, in a dissatisfied tone, hearing the joyful remark, and keeping one eye on the rapid building.

"Never mind, dear," responded the girl; "ours is going to have little windows—see?—for the guns to be fired through at the enemy."

"O yes! hurrah!" shouts the rehabilitated Ray.

"Ours"—very loudly and with a side glance at his rival—"has little windows to shoot the enemy with."

"Then ours must, pop—ours must," urges the sick child, eagerly.

"Must what, chick?"

"Have windows to shoot."

"Certainly; five hundred, if you like. I brought my stick on purpose to make port-holes in a fort."

"He makes them rounder than yours, Auntie Kate," objects Ray, ungratefully; and the girl glances furtively at her fellow-builder, gravely engaged in poking holes in the damp surface. "Pooh! I guess I'll go and watch him," continues Ray, by way of striking spurs into his willing steed.

"No, no, darling. See, we will have men marching up and down behind ours;" and she stands short sticks upright in single file at the back of the hill.

"Yes, sir—men marching!" echoes Ray, beating a triumphant tattoo with his heels on the sand.

"Oh, see there, pop," cries Bertie, plaintively; "he says they've got men marching."

"Well, we'll have some soldiers, too, my boy. Just wait a minute." And lo! the masculine builder, taking a match-safe from his pocket, soon had a brave row of figures, stiff and soldierly, although not very tall. "Now, where is that empty spool you had this morning, Bert?"

The child produces it from the pocket of his little jacket, and his companion places it between the two match companies, and mounts a cigar upon it. "There is a cannon," he remarks, and a shriek of ecstasy goes up from Bertie, echoed by a groan of deep despair from Ray, who has watched the proceedings with jealous scrutiny.

"O, now!" he ejaculates, in the fullness of his disgust; "you haven't any cigar, Auntie Kate. What's the use of your trying to build a fort. Let's pull it all down."

"For shame, Ray!" cries the girl, softly, catching his destructive hand. She is now fully in the spirit of rivalry. "You are easily beaten. See what I am going to do," and, pulling a loop of red ribbon from her dress, she attaches it with a pin to a stick, and in another moment it is floating gaily in the salt breeze from the summit of the fort. The effect is so triumphantly gay that a simultaneous cheer bursts from the lips of both children, followed by vehement demands from Bertie that "Pop" shall furnish him a similar embellishment.

"But I tell you I can't do it, Bert," repeats the badgered man, while Ray's shouts and jeers enliven the air.

"But I want a flag," cries the sick child, piteously. "It isn't nice without a flag," with a longing look at his rival's flying pennon.

"All right," assents the gentleman, good-humoredly. "Needs must when you drive. I've learned that to be a stern fact;" and, taking a knife from his pocket, prepares to cut ruthlessly down through the blue border of his silk handkerchief.

"O, stop, don't do that!" exclaims a soft voice, and he looks up to meet the laughing eyes of his sister-architect, who holds out one hand in warning, while with the other she smoothes the wind-tossed hair back from her flushed, triumphant face. "If you will let your little boy come over here, I will give him a piece of ribbon."

The man's face breaks into a pleased, kindly smile, and he lifts his hat as he answers:

"You will have to let us both come, I am afraid. Bert isn't much of a society-man yet. Come, brace up, old fellow; I'll back you."

But Bert is not to be persuaded. He hangs back, and cannot be induced even to look at the young lady.

"Never mind," she cries, observing the struggle; "Ray and I will come to him."

"You are very good," replies her new acquaintance, who grows younger as she comes nearer to him.

The vague, general effect of his black and white hair and pale face, had made her decide him to be fifty. Now she sees that his dark moustache is scarcely touched with the white that so thickly covers his head, and that his strong, white teeth and humorous eyes belong to a man whose age must fall at least fifteen years short of her estimate.

Ray trots sturdily beside her, not unwilling to have the finishing touch bestowed upon the enemy's fort, provided that the favor comes from his side; but poor, nervous, little Bertie can scarcely venture forth from behind his stalwart protector.

"Come, come, Bert, just see that flag," coaxes the gentleman, his hand on the little shoulder.

"Come out," adds Ray, patronizingly. "Auntie Kate's just as kind; you needn't be afraid."

"Bertie is not afraid," remarks the girl, kneeling down to her work; "he is waiting until I get it done. He wants to be surprised."

This artful speech wins the day. The streamer is not flying in the breeze before one eye and then the whole dark little face emerges from retirement, over-spread with unconscious pleasure.

"How is that?" and the gentleman stoops, encircling the boy in his arms. "Now what shall we do for them in return?"

"I'll tell you what you can do," bursts spontaneously from Ray, and his aunt's pretty hand laid over his mouth is not quick enough to drown the distinctness of the observation.

"What is it, sir?"

The boy looks with tardy slyness up into the girl's face, and then at his new friend. "You see——" he hesitates, "Auntie Kate hasn't any cigars, and——"

"And you want one, Mr.—— What is your name?"

"Ray Bolton."

"Ah, Mr. Bolton," proffering his cigar-case, "take a cannon! and let me introduce Bertie Carew, who will be very glad to help you set it up, as he usually has a collection of spoils in his pockets."

The children run gaily off, and Mr. Carew follows the frail one of the pair with a pleased expression in his eyes.

"I am sure I cannot thank you enough, Miss——"

"Breeze," she adds promptly, and what with sun-burn and the general dishevelment incident upon being sole companion of a rollicking boy for half a day, he

thinks her name suits her look of perfect health and happiness.

He bows slightly.

"I shall be delighted if it proves that Bertie has found a playfellow."

"Provided my nephew is not too rough for him," remarks Miss Breeze, dubiously, as she ties on her hat with a sudden recollection of her flying locks. "I assure you he gives me all the exercise I want. Still I thrive on it, as one must in this air."

"You like the sea?"

"Oh, best of all things. I was never at the shore but once before, and that was two years ago. I have always been eager to come again, and this season my sister's nurse fell ill, and left her almost at the moment of starting, so I applied for the position."

Here she laughs a little, and flashes her bright blue eyes at her companion, who smiles sympathetically.

"You were daring."

"Yes, I was. I knew what an autocrat Ray is, and how terribly alive he is, nevertheless I begged to come."

"And you do not regret it? This can hardly be called a very gay place."

"Ah, so much the better for me. What agonies I should suffer if my office of nursemaid prevented me from entering into gayeties of any kind. No, indeed, I like very well to romp about all day with Ray and to sleep ten hours of every night."

Mr. Carew looks meditatively at the speaker, and rather admires the freckles across her pretty nose. Indeed his thought as he surveys her is wholly complimentary, although to put it into words would be equally disconcerting to both parties. He is thinking, "What a perfect young animal it is!" What he finally says is:

"I hope you will let us romp too, Bertie and me. It will do him worlds of good to have such lively playfellows"—with a troubled look across the sands in the direction of the children.

"Is he here for—for his health?" inquires the girl, gently.

"Yes, he and his mother also. Mrs. Carew is a great invalid—too ill, in fact, to reside at the hotel, quiet as it is there; so we are staying in a private house about a quarter of a mile distant, and to make it quieter still for her, Bertie and I take ourselves off the chief part of every day. He doesn't get on well with the ordinary nurse; and unfortunately"—here the speaker stops digging holes in the sand with his cane and looks with the slightest smile at his companion—"Mrs. Carew has no sister to throw herself into the gap."

"I like children," the girl replies, simply, meeting him with her frank, full gaze. "Let Bertie come to play with Ray whenever he likes. We are always either here or on the hotel piazza. I am sure we can enliven him."

"Thank you. I am sure of it, too," responds her companion, with such cordial gratitude that spontaneously their hands meet in a warm clasp which suddenly transforms the slight acquaintance into friendship.

Mr. Carew, during the week that follows, is very careful not to impose upon Miss Breeze—so careful that in spite of her oft-repeated suggestions that he shall go away and amuse himself in a more congenial fashion, he insists upon remaining and sharing with her the surveillance of the two children. They sit on the beach together by the hour, the boys with their shovels and pails playing amicably near by, while their elders converse, or rather while one converses and the other, for the most part, listens.

That steady, rhythmic sound of the surf, that steadily, softly-blowing salt wind, that blindingly clear sky, with the sun pouring hotly down, all these will have but one association for Kate Breeze in future. They will but serve to remind her of a pleasant voice talking well on all sorts of subjects, laying down the law in an agreeable fashion, while she drinks in, with eagerly receptive mind, every new idea, accepting all this traveled man will tell her as undoubted truth, and responding, when called upon, with a manner as animated as unconscious, and wholly amusing and pleasing to her companion.

"You are teaching me so much," she says one day, when they are parting at noon; and Ray is pulling her dress in his eagerness to respond to the summons to dinner.

Mr. Carew only smiles into the vivacious, sweet face for answer.

"Now do, pray, let me do something for you," she adds, earnestly. "Let me take Bertie for the rest of the day. You must grow so weary of us all."

His face changes slowly and becomes grave. "I believe for once, and once only, I will accept your kindness, Miss Breeze. Mrs. Carew—"

"I hope she is not worse," says the girl, gently, as he hesitates.

"No, she is better; so much so that perhaps I could read to her a little this afternoon if we were alone."

"Then by all means let me keep Bertie. You see yourself that the children are less trouble taken together than separately," and she reaches out her pretty brown hand for the boy, who takes it willingly. "Have you heard what is going to happen at the hotel?"

"No; something in the line of dissipation?"

"Yes; a dance at last."

"You sigh. Don't you like dancing?"

"I love it; but Mr. Bolton cannot come down."

"Then, of course, you will let me escort you."

This proposition comes with laudable promptness, considering that to the speaker the prospect can offer nothing but boredom.

Miss Breeze colors brightly. "I never thought of your going," she says, sincerely. "I thought, under the circumstances—"

"Oh, circumstances need not prevent me at all. Pray make use of me if you will. I assure you, if I can have the sensation of contributing in any way to your pleasure, it will make me infinitely easier in accepting your kindness to Bertie."

So it is settled, and the girl moves off to the hotel, leading the delicate child, who clings to her affectionately, while Ray runs and jumps ahead. She feels as happy as the sunshine. Not a doubt, not a question disturbs her innocent peace. When Mr. Carew spoke of contributing to her pleasure, no conscious thrill enlightened her as to the blankness that would fall on beach and sky and sea if he were suddenly to withdraw himself from her daily companionship. He is a cultivated, kind friend, whom she has been fortunate in meeting. She sees nothing dangerous in the full contentment which his presence affords her.

After dinner, when the children are playing on the piazza outside her window, Miss Breeze is about to compose herself for a nap, when her sister comes into the room.

Mrs. Bolton is tall and very fair, slender and delicate in appearance, and intensifies every generous and wholesome feature of the robust woman as she faces her.

"Mercy, Kate!" holding up both hands in spontaneous though languid protest, "how black you look in

that white wrapper. A few more days of this and you will pass for an Indian."

The girl laughs and turns to the mirror, viewing her white forehead and dark cheeks, framed by the abundant brown hair that waves down over her dress.

"Why don't you take a little more pains to stay in the shade?"

"Mr. Carew likes it best down on the beach, and so do the children."

This brings Mrs. Bolton to her errand. She bites her lip, and regards her young sister this time with a scrutiny more than skin deep.

"And why should you consult Mr. Carew?"

"Why, because," and the girl turns around with ingenuous surprise, "because he is a great deal older than I, and beside, it doesn't make any difference to me, and—I want him to be comfortable, so he will talk. O Rose! you should hear him! He is the most interesting man in the world."

"What does he talk about?" Mrs. Bolton has drawn her sister down upon the edge of the bed, where she can study the transparent face at her leisure.

"Oh, what doesn't he talk about? Pictures, books, music, poetry—"

"Poetry?" Mrs. Bolton interrupts, sharply.

"Yes; he recites beautifully. There is nothing he has not read."

"Ah!" replies the elder sister, slowly. "It must be a liberal education to listen to him."

"That is exactly what it is," replies the girl, eagerly, not noticing the touch of irony.

Mrs. Bolton hesitates. She has sought her young sister with the intention of pointing out to her the danger of being too much in the company of this Mr. Carew. Now it seems to her a pity to brush the bloom from the girl's innocent ideas. She has interested motives for abstaining from disturbing Kate's unconsciousness. The present arrangement gives her more free time to indulge her ease-loving nature than she could have the conscience to require if her nurse girl *pro tem* were not also amused. It really is a very comfortable arrangement. But knowledge of her unsophisticated sister's inexperience spurs her on a degree farther.

"Well, my dear, one's first thought naturally is that Mr. Carew had better be making all this exertion to entertain his invalid wife."

Miss Breeze colors, but only with earnestness.

"Indeed, Rose, he is only too glad when she is able to listen to him. He is reading to her this afternoon because she is better. That is why I brought Bertie here."

"Oh! very well, Kate, very well," rejoins the other, relieved, casting an affectionate glance at the novel in which she is marking the place with her finger.

"Now," continues the girl, drawing a strand of hair through her hand and looking thoughtfully into space, "if only he is a good dancer!"

"Well, he won't be that if he is clever," replies Mrs. Bolton. "Why? Is he coming to the hop?"

"He has offered to take me. Didn't I tell you? I meant to the instant I came in. I told him Harry couldn't come down."

"That was not nice, Kate—to hint to him! It wasn't nice at all. Now, I shall have to chaperone you, and it is the stupidest thing in the world to sit in that hot room all the evening when one is not dancing."

"Poor Rose!" exclaims the girl, gaily. "You need only stay a few minutes. It is sure to give you the headache—anything you dislike to do always does—and then you can make your escape."

It is the second night after that the dance takes place. As a matter of course, Master Ray Bolton is particularly wakeful and hard to please on this evening; but by dint of great patience and ingenuity the desired end is at last accomplished, and his aunt has the felicity of seeing his eyelids droop and fall. For fear of waking him she dresses in a dim, religious light and with hurried fingers. She has but two costumes to decide between—a white and a black. She abjures the former, with a timely remembrance of her nut-brown cheeks, and soon comes down stairs, shading her eyes a little from the bright light, to meet her escort.

His rather somber, dignified face lights up at sight of the girlish figure so well dressed in black, the airy costume lit up by his flowers, and the shining blue eyes so full of naive anticipation.

"How kind you were to send them!" she exclaims, touching the splendid roses in her breast with her gloved fingers.

"You are going to enjoy yourself," he replies, looking at her meditatively.

She laughs at his tone, and taps her foot in time with the waltz whose strains come to them where they stand.

"Of course. What do you mean?"

"Nothing. I was only envying you."

"I am afraid I am subjecting you to a sort of martyrdom."

"No; you are refreshing me," he replies quietly, moving away in the waltz with his light young partner, whose breast fills with keen delight as they go.

"There!" she thinks, "clever people can dance. I shall tell Rose."

Neither of the two has half a dozen friends in the room, so it happens that they dance often together. Mrs. Bolton's headache carries her off early, as was anticipated. She soothes her conscience in the moment of excusing herself by exhorting Kate not to get too tired.

"As if such a thing were possible!" thinks the girl, scornfully.

As for her companion, if he would prefer talking to dancing, under the present aspiring condition of the thermometer, he nevertheless furthers her pleasure as if it were his own.

"I believe I never had so good a time in my life," she says, with undiminished vivacity, when it is over. "It has been very kind of you. I wish you would let me take care of Bertie, alone, all day to-morrow, in return."

He looks into the charming blue eyes. "But that would not be kind to myself. I don't think you have been very generous with your flowers, Miss Breeze."

The quick color flashes over her face. "O, would you have worn one? How dreadful of me."

"It's never too late to mend," he observes.

She is lifting each drooping flower, while he watches the quick, characteristic movements of her hands.

"Would you like one now? There is one bud that looks pretty well, but what do you want of it now?"

Still she disengages it from her dress, and fastens it in his coat.

"Thank you," he says, in a low tone, "until to-morrow morning on the beach, then. Good night," and they separate.

The girl goes up to her room, breathing fast, excited, tired, happy. O, for some other girl, even Rose, to talk it over with! But Rose is not to be had, and as Kate is particularly anxious *not* to talk it over with Ray, she ventures to light only a candle, and, throwing herself down on a chair by the window, proceeds to

take off her gloves. While she is thus employed, heavy steps come along the piazza, and pause outside the closed blinds.

"Sit down, Carew," she hears a masculine voice say. "I didn't know you were here until to-night, and pretty stories I've been listening to. Have a cigar, anyway, before you go. You might as well be hung for an old sheep as a lamb."

"Thanks. I do not anticipate being hung for muton, young or old."

It astonishes Kate Breeze that the voice which frames this reply has the power to make her heart bound. She begins to feel vaguely frightened.

"Well, illness must have altered Emily," remarks the first voice, "if she has no comment to make on this sort of thing."

"Perhaps you had better be more explicit," suggests Mr. Carew, good-humoredly.

"Why, this pretty girl whom, they tell me, you are with from morning until night—I saw her, I suppose, this evening. She is charming, and you are a lucky fellow; but what does Mrs. Carew say to it?"

The other laughs.

"Mrs. Carew knows nothing about it," he remarks, deliberately; "and 'where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.'"

The listening girl hears no more. She finds herself shrinking against the wall in the corner of the room farthest away from the window; her lips white, her eyes staring and terrified, and her whole form trembling.

It is the habit of Mrs. Bolton's heir to waken at an unrighteously early hour of the morning. Usually he struggles manfully to resist the temptation to disturb his relative; but on the following morning he is pleasantly surprised, upon opening his eyes, to discover that his faithful nurse is not slumbering, but awake and dressed, and, in fact, busily engaged in packing a trunk before which she is kneeling.

"Why—why, Auntie Kate," he stammers, sleepily, "what are you doing?"

"Packing."

"But why don't you look at me? Why don't you kiss me? Why——" one great wonder suddenly mastering and swallowing the rest, as the observant child looks about him; "you haven't been in bed!"

"No, dear, I—I was up very late last night. I—wouldn't you like to hop up, Ray, and have a little run on the piazza before breakfast?"

This proposition meeting with favor, she soon has the child safely disposed of, and then opens the door which communicates with her sister's room.

Mrs. Bolton is turning rather petulantly in bed.

"I should think, Kate, you might keep Ray a little quieter, early in the morning," she remarks, rubbing her eyes. "For mercy's sake, child," catching sight of her sister's face, and suddenly sitting up, "what has happened!"

Miss Breeze comes no nearer than the door, and leans a little upon it. She justifies the other's exclamation. Her sweet eyes are heavy and sunken, and her face drawn with pain.

"I must go home this morning, Rose. My trunk is ready, and the train goes in an hour."

"Why in the world——" cries Mrs. Bolton, bewildered. "Who will take care of Ray?"

"You—anybody—nobody," returns the girl, desperately.

"Then all I can say is that it is very shabby of you,

Kate—very dishonorable to break our compact so. What am I to do? You *must* stay!"

"Oh, have you ever pity or thought for any one but yourself?" exclaims the other, for one moment covering her wretched face with her hands and then dropping them. "Do not worry," she continues, in a changed tone. "I will see that you have a girl. I will send one to you."

"Kate, wait a minute," but Kate is gone, and Mrs. Bolton has only one more opportunity of speaking with her alone. It is when they are parting. "Kate," she says, holding both the girl's hands in hers, "isn't there something I *ought* to know?"

"Nothing, Rose, indeed."

Mrs. Bolton feels exceedingly uncomfortable. She sincerely wonders whether her pangs are of indigestion or conscience.

"Of course, child, I know it is something about that handsome scamp, Carew," she continues, holding tight to the fluttering hands. "I worried last night a great deal watching you together; but what ought I to have done?"

"Nothing. You are entirely blameless," responds Kate, bitterly. "Let me go. I shall be late."

An hour after her departure Mr. Carew comes strolling toward the hotel. Bertie runs before him to the piazza, where he describes his playmate climbing over railings and up pillars with a recklessness of life and limb appalling to his mother, who sits near in a ferment of nervous apprehension, from time to time issuing reproof and command, to which the child pays no attention. She bows stiffly to the gentleman as he approaches.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Bolton," he responds, cheerily. "I hope that Miss Breeze is not indisposed after last evening."

"She did seem severely indisposed, Mr. Carew. Ray, don't you climb that railing again. Do you hear me? Not only that, but she has left me."

Mrs. Bolton, in spite of her recollection of Kate's changed face, can but feel herself an extremely injured woman; and it is a palpable solace to her now to observe the blankness which overspreads her visitor's countenance at her words.

"Left you!—left the place!"

"Exactly," with a slight and dignified smile.

"Why? Was it not very sudden?"

"Exceedingly."

"I am sorry. I am very sorry not to see Miss Breeze again. Will you kindly give me her address?"

At the courteous question Mrs. Bolton rises. All the possible wrongs to her sister and all the real wrongs to herself crowd tumultuously together in her brain and bring the hot, angry color to her face.

"No, sir, I will not. It is the height of effrontery in you to ask for it. I was told last evening that your attentions to my sister have been remarked. I do not know why she has left me, but presume, innocent country girl that she is, that she has found you out for what you are—a married flirt. Her address, indeed! Ray, come here," and seizing the child by the arm, the angry woman drags him, protesting lustily, into the house.

At noon of the next day, Kate Breeze arrives at the village which is her home. She has yearned to reach it as though there, in the familiar, pleasant quiet, she should surely find the peaceful, light heart she left behind her.

"It is home, sweet home," she thinks, walking up the garden path. "Here I can live it down. I can learn to forgive myself in time."

She stoops mechanically to pick a red rose, but shrinks as a thorn pierces her finger. Then she perceives how like the flower is to those that lie scorching on the sand far away, and refrains from touching it again.

She excuses her sudden return on the plea of homesickness, and her mother, scanning her face with grave, anxious eyes, accepts the explanation quietly while seeking in vain for the eager child she sent from her side a little fortnight ago.

The summer wanes, and autumn winds sigh through the little garden; charming, happy days, full of soft, dreamy sunlight, alternate with clouds and gusty weather, and dead leaves are whirling and piling in fence-corners and among the bare rose-bushes. Kate Breeze has recovered from the low fever that seized upon her soon after her return from the sea-shore. Sympathizing friends exclaim that it was fortunate she was moved to come home. How forlorn it would have been to be ill in a summer hotel, with its noise and thin partitions. The girl is grateful for that illness. It is a shield behind which she can retire from all but her mother. She has not confided in her at once, but there comes a day during her convalescence when Mrs. Breeze puts a direct question:

"Who is Mr. Carew, Kate?"

The pale face flushes violently.

"Have I been talking about him?"

"Yes, dear. He and the hot sun beating down upon the beach seemed your chief causes of distress. You said nothing of him which need worry you. You need not speak of him now unless you wish."

"I ought to tell you, mother. Perhaps you can help me." The girl's brown hair lies braided on the pillow. She pulls the plaits nervously as she speaks with evident effort.

"I met him with his little boy on the beach. We saw a great deal of one another while the children played. He had a sick wife. I did not think of its looking ill or being any harm. At last he took me to a dance at the hotel, and afterward I heard him talking with a friend outside my window. He said—O, I cannot repeat what they said, but it opened my eyes and I knew my own heart. I was as guilty as he, only I had been blind and he had seen all the time. O, mother, mother," and with the cry of pain wrung from her very heart the girl bursts into an agony of weeping. Her mother kneels beside her, soothing her with loving words. "No, no, that is not the worst," murmurs Kate. "The worst is that I cannot hate him. We were together so much and he was so lovely, one could not help loving him, could not help it."

"What was Rose doing, dear?" asks the mother, simply.

Kate makes a helpless, impatient gesture. "A half sister is not like a whole sister," she says.

As the weeks pass by she arrives at a comparatively restful state of mind, but the vivacious, gay girl who has enlivened the cottage for so many years does not return. Instead a sedate young woman comes and goes, an absent-minded creature who sometimes fails to respond immediately when she is addressed, and who loves to go away by herself to a nook in the woods not far from home where she can read and think for hours, undisturbed. She seeks this retreat on one of the last of the Indian Summer days. The sky, the foliage, offer such vivid coloring she cannot keep her eyes upon the book she has brought with her. She falls into the old train of thought and drifting on and on, forgets the flight of time.

A light touch is suddenly laid on her arm. She starts

violently as she meets Bertie Carew's dark, thoughtful eyes.

"Why, Bertie!" she manages to utter, and begins to tremble.

"Aren't you glad to see me, Auntie Kate? Why don't you kiss me? It's pretty here," looking about critically on the leafy surroundings.

She just touches the child's cheek with her lips but holds his little hand eagerly.

"Where did you come from, dear? You surprised me so. How is your—your mama?"

"O, she's lots better, she's most well."

"And—your papa?" she breathes.

The child looks solemnly surprised. "Oh, didn't you know? He's gone to heaven. Why, what's the matter, Auntie Kate, you look so funny! O, Pop, Pop!"

Mr. Carew hurries forward at the cry of alarm. The sight of him revives the fainting girl.

"Why—Bertie—Mr. Carew—Bertie told me—" She lifts her pale face proudly but does not raise her eyes.

"Kate, can it be possible that you believe it still—that I am Bertie's father? My poor sister has been very near the gates of death since I saw you. This is the first minute that I have been free to come to you."

"Your sister!" She looks at him now eagerly, incredulously, joyfully.

"And he's talked about you all the way," remarks Bertie in some disgust. "I'd rather see Ray. Where is Ray. Why Pop, don't hug her so tight," he adds, opening his eyes to their widest extent and using a deeply aggrieved tone. "Do you love her better than me?"

"Better than you, better than the whole world, Bertie!"

A SAMPLE SALESWOMAN.

WHEN Serena Smilax, by dint of repeated applications and long waiting, at last got a situation as saleswoman in the dry goods and notion store of Messrs. Acre & Co., she was for a time perfectly happy. Her wages meant more to her than the five dollars a week signified to most working people. She had always been poor, and it was only by her mother's hard work she was kept in the free school long enough to get an ordinary education. Many people blamed her mother for not putting her out at service, so that she would be enabled to buy her own toggery, at least; and one kindly-disposed lady offered to take her and send her to school, providing clothes and board for the small labor she could perform out of school hours. But all these suggestions and offers were declined, for, be it known, Miss Serena and her mother had ambitions, and would not hear of any kitchen servitude. So, after much toiling and moiling on the mother's part, and prinking and flourishing on the daughter's, she arrived at her present high honor, and her satisfaction was according.

A few days sufficed to put her in possession of the plan and routine of the work, and she proved to be a fair specimen of a beginner at the business.

She was told that at the end of three months her salary would be increased, if she was found competent; and the manager also informed her that the one amongst the clerks who sold the largest value of goods during each six months would receive a gift from the firm. Her fellow-saleswomen gave her an idea of the gift, which was in proportion to the standing of the winner. One case, last year, they quoted, when Bianca Sellers was presented with a black silk dress, ready-made. She, besides her good luck in winning the prize, had the distinction of being the oldest employé in the establishment. But in ordinary cases, a five-dollar gold-piece was the lowest value given.

One of the strict rules of the place was that there was to be no "respecting of persons." All, whether rich or poor, were to be treated with equal courtesy. The members of the firm set an example in that respect, so that Acre & Co. had the good-will of the entire community.

At the end of two weeks the new saleswoman had become quite familiarized with her surroundings, and

had adopted many of the airs and attitudes of her associates. She flattered herself that she knew how to manage customers in the most winsome manner, to the end of obtaining large sales; and seldom was she known to let one leave her counter without adding some entry to her little book that "Cash" handled so deftly.

Just at this period she began to learn to make a distinction between people whose purses showed a plethora of this world's lucre and those the contrary. A slight coolness sprang up between herself and the latter class, which was so indefinite as to be not worthy of note—at least, the persons chiefly affected were not liable to complain to the firm. She fell into the habit of making little disparaging remarks to her neighbor behind the next counter to the right when one of the "five-centers," as she termed them, came in at the door nearest them. And every one who has observed the habits of the average saleswoman knows exactly how she would act on their advance to her. The young person at the counter to the left kept herself quite aloof from these demonstrations, she having been brought up a lady, and not forgetting that fact because Fate had thrown her into her present position.

One rainy day, when customers were scarce, Miss Smilax perceived a person coming from another part of the store, and under the guidance of a cash-boy, making directly for her counter. Her nose went up to the usual altitude as she observed the plain dress and cotton gloves and stout shoes of the woman, and she made a mental calculation of how long it would take her to clean her out of her small change.

"Will you show me some Valenciennes edging?" was the first question.

The knowing saleswoman, after looking indifferently for an instant, turned without a word and handed down a box and removed the cover.

"This is not what I asked for. I want Valenciennes." The box contained crochet trimming.

Still not a word; but the box was carefully replaced, the girl being particular as to exact lines in putting it up. Then she took down another box, meanwhile looking at her fellow-employé to the right with a meaning smile. This time it was cotton lace, and the lady said:

"I want the real."

"Real?" said the girl, at last condescending to

speak. "Why, real Valenciennes is *very expensive*. Now this, I think, will suit you. It is considered a good imitation. Twenty cents."

She held out the stuff; but, as she saw that she was not likely to make the sale, she refolded it, placed it in the box and put the box back on the shelf. It is impossible to describe her supercilious air while doing this. The lady waited a moment, and then said, quite gently:

"Have you any Valenciennes edging? If so, will you be so kind as to show it to me?"

If Serena Smilax had but looked into her customer's eye she would have seen there an expression that might have enlightened her; but Serena Smilax had no notion of looking at the person at all. She simply elevated her nose a little higher, and replied, in icy tones, "We have none that you would buy," and folded her arms leisurely, to signify that the conversation was at an end.

The lady turned and went to the door, and met Mr. Acre, the senior member of the firm. He bowed politely, although he did not know the lady, and inquired as he opened the door for her to pass out:

"Have you got everything you wish?"

"I have not," she replied, in a ringing voice. "I was particularly anxious to procure some lace, and was told you had a fresh supply. I chose a rainy day to come, so I would not be interrupting other sales, as I am very slow in making such purchases. But your saleswoman at the lace counter has refused to show me what I wished, and I was about to leave. If you will be so good as to show them to me I will return."

Mr. Acre's face was a study. Every word the lady said was heard distinctly by the unhappy Miss Smilax, and dire consequences were expected:

But Mr. Acre only said, "By all means, madam. I shall be very happy to show you our stock, which, I think, is rather fine for this city," and his discomfited employé had the mortification of standing near while her "five-center" made purchase of lace of different kinds to the amount of *eight hundred and fifty-seven dollars and seventy-five cents*, and later in the evening she received her dismissal without a word of explanation, and now has to earn her living in the once despised kitchen.

BELINDA BLENHEIM.

MIGMA.

"The Remnant."

To a company of overnice men who have for some years been seeking to establish a supervisory guardianship of the Republican party, more than to any one else, we are indebted to the nomination of James G. Blaine. These men have not been content to set up a standard of political faith and character as the criterion of merit which should entitle a member of the party to receive its support, but they have insisted also on a certain indefinite flavor of manner and deportment, and a certain veneration for the methods and ideas of other countries, which has not been altogether acceptable to the horde of untamed savages whom they seem to account the balance of the party to be. These good people are like Carlyle in the devoutness of their belief that what little of honor and integrity there is left in the party, is to be found hidden away somewhere about the clothing worn by themselves. They are such very good men that they have no confidence in any other man's professions of sincerity or in any other person's desire for reform. Every one who walketh not with them and does not accept as a sweeter than gospel truth all of their theories and lucubrations becomes instantly an enemy of the country and unworthy of recognition as a constituent element of the party which they honor with the patronage of an easy-fitting allegiance. These men for some years have dealt lavishly in threats. They have arrogated to themselves the duty of cleansing and purifying the party of which they apparently esteemed themselves the only decent and respectable members. They may have been entirely right in this view—it is needless to consider that question at this time—but the constant repetition of it in one form or another had become somewhat monotonous to the rest of the party. It is a singular fact that it matters not how sweet-tempered a man may be, he has always a sort of innate jealousy of one who is not only a great deal better than himself, but is not at all backward about asserting the fact. While, therefore, these good men had labored with ungrudging devotion to reform their party associates—the purblind recipients of their well-meant castigation—persisted in a stubborn

and bitter ingratitude. So when they appeared at Chicago, with a candidate whom they carefully stripped of his real personality and gave only the special characteristics which they believed themselves to possess, neither he nor they were well received. They had come determined to assert themselves, however, and they at once demanded and assumed the control of the anti-Blaine forces. They are firm believers in the corruptibility of all but a few, and they did not hesitate to let it be known that they had come there expressly to elevate the moral sense of the party and to try and drag those with whom they worked a little nearer to decency and honesty. Even those with whom they were obliged to co-operate in order to give them any power in the convention at all, they refused to regard or treat with anything like the consideration they demanded for themselves. They yielded nothing but demanded everything. As a natural result, they achieved nothing.

BESIDES awakening this spirit of almost angry rebuff, which was, perhaps, unavoidable, when we consider the exalted character of their claims to purity, and the unalterable firmness of their convictions that no one can be even partially right, or at all honest in his own belief, who differed by so much as a shade of doctrine from them, they were still more unfortunate in awakening also a feeling at the West and South that the spirit they so nobly exemplified is peculiar to a certain class and section of the country. Ever since the first organization of the Republican party, there has been a suspicion that certain of its most highly cultivated elements at the East looked not only with disfavor but with absolute distrust upon its Western exponents. It is well known that to many of this class Abraham Lincoln was, as one of them expressed it during the Convention, "only a happy accident." The belief is growing throughout the country that not a few of these men are prone to regard style, manner, and what they are pleased to call culture, as inseparable concomitants of a worthy manhood. The freedom, breadth, and passionate earnestness of the Western

man offends their sense of virtue and serene repose. They are especially disgusted with the restiveness of the Western Republican under the well-meant efforts of his more polished Eastern brother to secure his reformation and elevation in the scale of political purity. They have, it is true, exercised a good deal of forbearance. They have allowed history to write the name of Lincoln above those of Seward and Sumner, because, by "a happy accident" he was the President and these were not. Grant and Garfield were of the Western type, too—satisfactory enough, perhaps, in some respects, but not at all up to the ideal which the so-called Independents desire that the party should adopt. This feeling of constantly implied and sometimes openly expressed superiority of motive and elevation of thought, had a most unlooked-for effect upon a considerable proportion of the delegates. The levity manifested by them towards this doctrine was in some instances absolutely shocking. One would have thought that there was almost an intention to hazard the reckless assertion that the representatives of the purity and conscience of the East were not a whit better than the slouch-hatted crowd who had gathered from the West. Of course no one would have the hardihood to do that, but there is a strong suspicion abroad in the country that certain of our most conspicuous political reformers think that no man can be truly right in heart until he has worn for a time one of their shirts. It is a deplorable fact, too, that this state of affairs is not appreciated by a considerable portion of the party at the West, who seem to resent the idea of being thus regarded as in need of special purification, and they were naturally inclined to carry this resentment beyond due and proper limits. Unfortunately, such exponents of the Eastern sentiment of purity and reform as Senator Hoar, George William Curtis and Carl Schurz are admirably calculated to strengthen that idea. They are men who were born to give advice. So full are they of good ideas which others should adopt that long lives and unusual opportunities have failed to exhaust the supply. They were old men when they were yet boys. They all exemplify that cordial and approachable dignity which they insist should mark the public man whom the party and the nation should prefer. Should this country ever cease to afford opportunity for admonition and detraction of its methods and aims, they will undoubtedly emigrate. It was especially unfortunate that so many of the convention understood it to be their intention to force upon the delegates a man whom his supporters mistakenly claimed to represent this idea, and construed this intention into an implied slur at Western Republicanism. This belief aroused an antagonism that very greatly aided the cause of Mr. Blaine.

* *

"Black Jack" Logan.

A WRITER in the *Tribune* says that the favorite name for General Logan, Black Jack, should not be written as two words, but as one, "blackjack," a species of oak celebrated for its toughness. If the writer had known more about the timber he refers to, he would not have been so ready to air his learning. Blackjack is, perhaps, the most worthless arboreal product of the country. The sobriquet of "Black Jack Logan" is exactly the counterpart of "Black Tom Corwin," and was applied to him for the same reason, to wit, his swarthy complexion. He made it a pseudonym of fame by his rugged honesty, masterful ability, and flaming courage. No one who ever saw

the face of Black Jack Logan when the glare of battle was upon it will ever cease to regard him with honor and veneration.

It is becoming altogether the correct thing to lampoon General Logan as "the soldiers' candidate." There are a great many who think it is time that the soldier element was dropped from our politics. The other day, on a railroad train, we heard a well-dressed man, of forty odd, declaiming strenuously against this evil. He assured a little group of listeners that it was not only absurd but impolitic. "The war is over," he said, "why should we go on nominating and electing men to office simply because they had mere bull-dog courage—just because they stood up and fought? To nominate such a man as Logan—a man who was so bitter and relentless in his animosity against the South—is to stir up again sectional animosity, and revive the feeling of the war-time, which should long ago have been forgotten." There was much more of the same sort, and we listened to it, half angry and half amused, until it seemed that there was something familiar in the tones. It was many years since we had heard them, but finally we traced the tangled thread of memory back, and recognized the speaker. As he had boasted, he was an original Republican. When we first knew him, he was a blatant and irrepressible abolitionist. The war seemed to cool his courage, and by and by, when he drew an unlucky number in the draft, he skipped over into Canada, and quietly watched the struggle from the other side of the Falls. Then, as now, he was a man of peace. We thought his depreciation an honor to the soldier whom he sought to injure. *Certainly, his praise would have been a disgrace.*

The last sentence of the above paragraph seems a harsh one—perhaps too harsh. Now that we come to analyze it, perhaps it was the feeling of comradeship that prompted it. Why should the nation honor and prefer the soldier? It is true he gave his strength, offered his life and defied death for the country's sake,—but what of it? If it had not been for such men the nation would have been overthrown; a divided realm, an impoverished and subjugated people would have been the result. It may not have been much to the world. Our overbusy land may think the hero of the "ticker" of more importance than the man who wields the sword. Estimated in this way, the man who puts wheat up or down a "point" is greater than one who won a victory when the nation's life was at stake. "Oh, they have been well paid for it!" is very often the flippant cry when the soldier's claims are referred to. The people of the North reduce everything to a commercial value. It does not care much about soldiers but it doats on millionaires. If Logan were not so far below the two million dollar average valuation of the Senate as hardly to be counted in the aggregate, these men who are hounding at his heels for being a soldier and not faultless in his orthography would think better of him. Unfortunately he is not only a soldier but has remained poor and honest in the midst of opportunity, and also sometimes miss-spells his words. He has, of course, no claim upon the country. No man can have. Whatever he may do, he can no more than discharge his duty. A man who saves another's life cannot sue him for a sixpence; but the life he has redeemed is not worth a sixpence if its owner would wait for demand to be made

upon him. Mammon crowds out Mars with us. Everything has its price, and greatness is never quoted in the market reports. Our brethren of the South act differently. Their heroes did not bring them safety and honor and unbounded wealth. In the path of their return came poverty and ruin. The cause for which they fought was not only a lost cause, but was not of a character in itself, it would seem, to give especial glory to those engaged in it. It would seem that a broken, defeated and humiliated people would naturally feel somewhat unkindly disposed towards those who had been leaders in a useless and unrighteous revolt. Not so, however. They honor their heroes far more highly than we do ours. With them the master-key to popular favor is faithful service to the Confederacy. There is hardly a man in either branch of the national legislature from any Southern State who did not bear arms against the Union, while hardly a tithe of those the North sends to represent her have a record of service behind them. But, then, the South is sentimental and we are practical. They believe in valor, we believe in hard cash. If a man desires honor, preferment, esteem, by all means let him not seek the service of the country in its hour of peril. Let us have no more of the silly sentimentality about soldier candidates. Let us take our candidates from the high school, and if a man has fought for the country give him a pension and a poor-house, and let him be therewith content.

PERSONALLY, we are not a friend of General Logan. We owe him no consideration or good-will. On the contrary, he went out of his way, on one occasion, to offer us needless insult. Individually, we have no reason to wish him success; but we know him to be patriotic and brave, and we believe him to be honest. His love for the country is something of a wild passion. Whatever he believes intended to tarnish its glory he wishes to destroy. For the sake of defending her he turned his back on honor and ease, and chose the post of danger. When he was offered a seat in Congress he declined it, and chose a camp-bed and a soldier's fare. He was no carpet-knight, but rugged, brave, and vigilant. Without military training, he was inferior to few in military achievement. He is sometimes rude and dictatorial. He may have something of a contempt for one who dares not spell a word more than one way. He cannot spell worse than George Washington, however, even according to the standards of his own time. But Washington is dead, and Logan is alive. So we worship Washington and lampoon General Logan. That is the way we advertise our own virtue, and encourage the rising generation. Yet, after all that can be said, no one can deny that John A. Logan is not only fit for the place for which he is nominated, but will do it honor. His native power, natural address, and magnificent manhood make him worthy of the best reward that can be offered, and fit for the highest service that the country can impose—a noble, manly man, whose self-reliant courage would honor in a peculiar manner the Vice-Presidential chair, and make him worthy of the higher place, should accident call him to perform the highest duties.

Out-Heroding Herod.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Detroit Free Press* who has evidently undertaken a contract for inducing northern farmers and mechanics to emigrate to the Southern States, puts forth in its boldest form the stereotyped Southern objection to the education of the negro. The

following is an extract from his letter, which is forwarded to us with words of commendation by a Louisiana lady:

"Two great problems will occupy the minds of this nation at no distant day. The first will be that of Mormonism and how to get rid of it. The second will be termed 'The Negro: How shall we manage him?' That the negro has got to be managed will surprise some people—that class in the North who have never set foot south of the Ohio River, and who fondly imagine that the colored man of the North is a true sample of the race in this country. . . . A Northern negro's statement is hardly ever questioned. A Southern negro will tell three lies to one truth. . . . Freedom and the ballot, coming together, upset the slave. . . . As a farm laborer, no one can be sure whether he will stay a day or a month. The very best of them will quit work whenever the whim seizes. . . . In the North the virtue of the average colored woman is unquestioned. In the South not one in a thousand is credited with it. As a race they do not know the meaning of the term. A colored preacher at Augusta who was soliciting subscriptions to rebuild a country church, swept away by a cyclone, told me that almost every man in his congregation felt at liberty to desert his wife and children, and marry again whenever he so willed. . . . Southern men have seen a change in the negro year by year. He has no ambition—no industry. Year by year it is becoming more difficult to handle him as a laborer. He is deserting the country for the towns. He is ungrateful and trifling. For the benefit of Northern philanthropists I should like to say that the race has improved. In one way it has. More of them can read and write, but this very improvement has worked them an injury. The colored man who can read a newspaper, or write a letter, will not do a stroke of work if he starves as the penalty. He is above it, and looking for an office. . . . Educate a colored girl and she puts on airs, refuses to do work, and runs off to some city to live a fast life. Replace the negro labor of the South with white men and her crops would double, but the negro keeps the white labor away. He won't work and he won't get out. The people of the South have borne from the black man what no other people would endure. They pass over his impudence, find excuse for his laziness, and sympathize with him when he comes before the law. They pay all his taxes, burthen themselves with his schooling, stand for his doctors' bills, and feel far more kindness for him than any of us in the North. And yet there must be a change. The agriculture of the South must drift backwards, the negro must get out, or there must be some better way of controlling him."

We are very glad to meet these statements in this definite and unmistakable form. Plainly stated and without unnecessary verbiage, they amount to this:

1. The negro was spoiled as a laborer by freedom.
2. Education is an injury to the colored race.
3. The virtue of the negro woman is corrupted by education.

If these statements are true, then the writer's conclusion is correct, that "*some way must be found of managing the negro.*" It is also true that, if these statements are correct, the very best possible way of "managing the negro" is the state of slavery from which he was relieved through the mistaken ideas of men who supposed liberty to be always preferable to servitude. We do not propose to discuss the question further. For twelve years we have labored assiduously to convince our countrymen that the question of the future of the African in America was not decided by the war. We have demonstrated in every form we could devise the fact that mere physical freedom was not liberty. We have warned the nation that only intelligence could

make the negro self-supporting, self-directing, and self-protecting. Nay, we have gone further, and given our strength to the establishment of the idea that only education can make him a safe and reliable factor in our government. Now we are met with the declaration that such education only makes the race more depraved. It is unlike all other races, we are told. Freedom demoralizes, education corrupts, and opportunity degrades it. If this be true, slavery is the only state that is at all suited to its capacities. Perhaps it is about time that we recast all our ideas of the past quarter of a century. Already we have gone so far that the war is regarded as an unfortunate accident, merely—a sort of family quarrel in which both parties were a little in fault, and the North especially blameworthy. To intimate that the North was right and the South wrong, is to stir up strife and ill-feeling, which no man ought to do. As the war was only an unpleasant incident, of course its results are not worth talking about. Our Southern friends "managed" the negro very well in slave-times; they have always claimed to be his especial friends, and if liberty and education are to have such a debasing influence upon the race, it is, of course, best that "the institution" should be restored. We have been accused of all sorts of enormities for entertaining and expressing the idea that now that they are free and voters and a part of our governmental force, perhaps the best thing that can be done with them might be to educate them enough at least to enable them to read their ballots. If this writer and those who endorse him are correct, however, it is the very worst thing that could be done; and it is certain that *if he is not to be educated, the best and kindest thing to do with him is to put him where he can be "managed" once more.* If education should keep on corrupting and debasing him, as it is alleged to have done hitherto, the only safety not only for the country but for the negro himself will be in slavery. If the educated negro expects to live on what he can steal, he will have a hard time among the Southern whites who are as stoutly opposed to labor as he can be. As we know, the whites were all impoverished by the war, and have been growing poorer and poorer all the time since in the vain effort of trying to keep the voter from starving. There is evidently no possible chance for the negro race but to keep education as far from them as possible, and work them back into a state where they can be "managed" just as fast as circumstances will allow.

THE facts stated by the writer above referred to are altogether startling. We have become accustomed to regard rebellion as a very venial offence, and to feel

about half ashamed for the little we did in putting it down. We have lately become fully assured that the Ku Klux Klan was not only a patriotic but a charitable and Christian organization whose beneficent mission it was a disgrace to nineteenth century civilization to interfere with; but we did hope that the relentless rightfulness and unerring righteousness of our Southern brethren would at least leave us the Negro. We were sorry for him because he was a slave. We honestly thought that his liberty would not only be good for him, but for the white man, too. Then we naturally supposed that the intelligence which had improved other peoples would also be good for him. In fact, some of us thought it had already borne good fruits. Looking at the census, we saw that the South raised more cotton, tobacco, fruit, peanuts, sugar, and, in fact, more of everything, except rice and naval stores, than before the war. We saw that there was a great deal more work done, and naturally concluded that the negro did it. We saw that the better educated of the race had their fair share of the results of prosperity, and naturally thought that education was good for them. It was known that marital infidelity was somewhat frequent among them, but remembering the fact that *there had not been any marriage at all among them for some two hundred years or more,* we did think it quite impossible that they should grow any worse in this respect, and find it hard to believe, even now, that they have. So, too, in regard to the chastity of the women, we had an altogether different opinion. For fifteen years we watched on the spot the experiment of liberty with fear and trembling. If there is any one thing which our observation fixed conclusively in our mind, it was that the colored girls who had attended school and acquired something of what we term education were more ambitious, more self-respecting, and more virtuous than their mothers before them. Almost without exception, we noted that they became respectable wives and mothers. We saw their houses growing brighter and more commodious than the rude huts that the freedman was at first content to occupy. In short, our greatest hope for the near future of the race was based on our belief in the elevating influence of education on the colored women. We especially grounded our confidence in this upon what we deemed the undeniable fact that, year by year, since the abolition of slavery, the number of *mulatto* children had grown less. It seems, however, that we were wrong in all these deductions, and that, instead of being a cure for these evils, education only aggravates and enhances them. Evidently there is need of some way of "managing the negro."

AN OLD SALT ON THE WEATHER REPORT.

YOUNG Master Hamlet, the player prince, was mad only N.N.W., since he knew "a hawk from a handsaw;" but, though I may have more knowledge of the aforementioned winged beast, likewise the handsaw, than all the young bloods in Denmark, yet I feel myself mad at every point of the compass upon thinking of the newspaper man who "knows" all about the weather.

On board the great steamship whose deck I formerly trod as master, the lady and gentleman passengers would come to me every morning to know would the day be fair till sunset, when I would answer them

according to the opinion which harbored in my mind; and though often much bets were laid, yet the lady or the gentleman who wagered according to my words would always scoop the stakes when the evening lights were lit. By the which it may be seen by any man whom Providence has left in his senses that my weather eye is "first chop," as the tea shippers would say.

And so I think that he who reads this, my plaint, will agree with me that I have good cause to be mad when, on the land, in my own house, under my own vine and fig-tree, as the Scripture has it, my knowledge

of the storm and the rain and the elements in general should be snubbed, and all for a land-lubber who lives in Washington (a bureau, I think they call him—much good may the name do him) who, I right well believe, knows as little about the weather as a Broadway stage-driver about seamanship. Once my eldest daughter ruined her best silk gown, and all because of that rascally bureau man. He said "clear." I timidly protested 'twould rain ere noon; but the cad in the paper settled the question, and my Hettie left her umbrella in the hat-rack. It poured. I wish the cad might be made to settle the bill for the new gown which was bought. Yet, in the face of the silk dress business, they of my household continued to swear by the weather report. Hard as it is to have my dignity so jammed to leeward by this land-lubber at Washington, 'tis not the worst of my trouble thereabout.

Soon after I left the great deep and the captain's cabin to live the life of a landsman I fell into the city way to enjoy the newspaper every morning. So much it joyed me at first that I scarce could eat my breakfast with complacency for expecting of this pleasure; but, avast! I soon found it was not all plain sailing. The land-lubber's weather report lurking in the folds of said paper very near brought about a separation 'twixt me and my family. The difficulty was in this wise and account.

'Tis quite plain that the man who reads an engaging tale in the paper wants not to be stopped in its perusal, and I am not unlike the generality of human kind in this respect. Yet as one may not be selfish or unmannerly and have the good will of his mates, I was constrained to politely search the folds of the paper each morning for this rascally weather report, that my family might know what the bureau man logged concerning the weather; by doing of which I schooled me much in self-denial, for, besides the distress with being stopped in my reading, it much physicked me to stomach the conceit of this land-lubber at Washington, insomuch that I was sorely minded to instruct the carrier to leave at the door one copy of the paper for each member of my family, so that I might read my news unmolested. But being loath to spend money because of the blackguard cad, I perforce bottled up my spleen and continued to look for the weather report; by the which means I was rapidly becoming like a boiler burthened with over much pressure, which, egad! must do one of two things—explode or blow off steam.

The family this while twigged none of my distress, and they daily passed the word for the weather report.

'Tis the last pound of steam that makes the boiler to bust.

Yesterday morning, being below stairs before breakfast, I picked up the paper, and the first tale which caught my eye was a lengthy yarn telling how the Guion boat had beaten my own bully ship.

This greatly saddened me, for I had much pride in the smartness of my ship, and I was somewhat riled even at the innocent paper for printing of this thing, at the which heavy moment the family came tripping in to breakfast, and, seeing me with the paper, straightway set up the cry for the weather report, which in my then state of spleen made me mad, insomuch that I quite flew off the handle with wrath.

"The weather report be —!" I cried, and hurled the paper to the floor, and so great was my rage that I forgot I was not on the deck of my ship, and let loose much cursing and blasphemy, whereat my daughters fell to weeping and my wife to roundly berating me of my folly (for which I'll not deny I ought t'a been ropesended).

So great was the row, that my discretion warned me to beat a retreat, and I grabbed my hat and rushed out upon the street, minus my breakfast, and climbed into the Elevated Railroad train, where, muttering and furious, I soon brought up, all standing, at the Battery. I paced up and down the sea-wall half the day, until, getting hungered, and my wrath being somewhat cooled, I returned meekly to the house, and sat down to dinner with the family, who kindly refrained from discourse about the mishap of the morning; albeit, I was conscious of some slight tittering among my girls, which that was but natural under the circumstances.

This morning I hit upon a plan by the which I may read in peace, and satisfy the curiosity of the family at one and the same time.

With a sheet of writing paper I copied in a trice from the newspaper the whole weather business of the cad who knows all about it (— his eyes), and when 'twas done, I made it fast over the chimney-piece, where the family could read; which device worked like a charm, for, when my daughters asked (quite meekly, this morning,) what would be the weather, I smilingly pointed to the chimney-place, and peacefully continued my reading.

Whereby the man of sense may see that if I be only a stranded old salt, I have, at least, got the better of this Washington land-lubber and his weather report.

The which pleases me much, for I now can read my morning paper with unmixed joy.

J. WILLIAMS BEE.

"YOU GOOSE."

You call me "Goose," O, Lady Fair,
Right well I like the name;
For dubbing me a *Bird*, you might
Have made of me great *game*.
What would you do without your goose,
When ruffled or distressed?
How soon those frowns are ironed out,
If by this goose they're pressed!
Without your goose (poor fellow plucked),
E'en Cupid's arrow keen,

Must wander, featherless, astray,
Nor reach thy heart, I ween.
Without your goose, you, too, would lack
Wherewith your goose to write;
Unpillowed toss that dainty head
Throughout the livelong night.
Well, as your Goose, I will no more
Waste all my time in hisses,
For though, perchance, you find it *dear*,
My *bill* shall be for kisses.

ALBERT GRAY.

GRANDPA'S COURTSHIP.

It wan't so very long ago—'bout forty year, I guess,
That I first went a-courting Deacon Bodkin's darter Bess.
Or, leas'tways, *Betsy* was her name; but that ain't here
nor there.

She was an awful purty gal, with yellow-orburn hair,
An' cheeks as round an' rosy as any temptin' peach
That makes a feller smack his lips because its out o'
reach.

Hit was down in ole Missouri, an' I was keepin' batch,
When me an' Deacon Bodkin's gal first thought about a
match.

I had a little cabin, an' a good chunk of a hoss,
In Buck Crik bottom, side the crik. The Deacon lived
across

On 'tother side a mile or two; an' when the crik was low
I used to ford it every day, to see my gal, you know.

The Deacon—wal I reckon *now* that he was purty square;
No better an' no wusser then other people air.

But *then* he wan't no favorite with me; an' you can guess
'Twas 'cause he couldn't see the p'int of me a-courtin'
Bess.

And when he found that me an' her was wantin' to get
spliced

He rared and tore, and ordered me to jest git up an' h'ist.

The reason why he got so mad at me is easy told—
'Twas 'cause my breeches-pockets wasn't cluttered up
with gold.

He 'lowed that I had better *clare*, an' go jest where I
please:

His darter shouldn't hev a man as pore as black-eyed
peas.

Besides there was another chap, a drover, wanted Bess.
He had right smart o' money, say a thousand more or
less.

But he was mortal humly, and awk'ard as a mule,
And Bess declared she wan't a-goin' to hev no sich a fool.
An' when the Deacon rared an' tore, an' ordered me

away,
She up an' vowed, emphatic like, that *she* would never
stay

To marry any drover that ever wore a hat,
An' what the Deacon's darter said she meant, an' that
was flat.

The Deacon's wife—Aunt Jane—she sort o' favored me,
An' allus made me welcome, when *he* wasn't thar to see;

But when the Deacon rared an' swore that Bess should
marry Si—

(The drover's name was Silas—) "*or he'd know the reason
why,*"

Aunt Jane, she sided long of Bess, an'—wal, I'm free to
say,

We got our plans all ready, fur we 'lowed to run away.

So Bess, she gathered up her clo'se, an' met me in the
lane,

An' brung two cups an' sassers, that was give her by
Aunt Jane;

Then she clumb up behind me, for my hoss would carry
two,

An' off we struck to-ward the crik, the nighest distance
through.

Fur I 'lowed that we could ford it, bein' Tom, my hoss,
was stout,

But when we reached the ford, I see my reckoning was
out,

Fur the crik had riz that very day, and got so mortal
high,

I see we couldn't ford it, an' it wa'nt no use to try.

The nighest bridge acrost the crik was ten miles off, or
so,

An' fur a minute I jest thought our cake had turned to
dough.

An' jest that very minute, while we was standing still,
We heerd the sound of horses' hoofs, a-tearin' down the
hill.

An' Bess, she give a little scream, and lit right off her
hoss,

Fur 'twas her pa a-comin', with the drover, Silas Cross.
And—wall, I had to c'lect my thoughts, and that most
thunderin' quick,

An' so I made a grab fur Bess, and jumped right in the
crik.

The water biled around us, but I struck out fur the
shore,

An' I swum as I don't reckon I hed ever swum before;
But we got across, an' there we stood, a-drippin' wet, an'
cold,

An' Bess's hair hung down her baek, jest like a shower of
gold.

But we were saved, and purty soon we found some friends
of Bess,

An' I went fur the preacher while they helped her change
her dress;

There wa'nt no license needed then, 'an' 'twasn't long tell
we

Was man an' wife, an' started home, as happy as could
be.

An' who should be there waitin' at the bars but Tom, my
hoss?

I knowed 't was safe to leave him, fur he'd foller me
across.

An' the bunch of clo'se that Bess had brung was there all
safe and dry,

A-hangin' to the pummel where we left 'em—her and I.
An'—wal, there haint much more to tell; but in about a
week

The deacon come a-walkin' in, a-lookin' powerful meek;
An' after shakin' hands with both, he says, "Would you
believe

That ornery, theavin' Si, he stole my hoss an' tuck French
leave?

He did—the finest hoss I had—an' lit right out, the cuss;
But ef he'd got my darter, too, 't would been a blamed
sight wuss.

"An' ever sence you swum that crik, I've thought that
you and me

Would make good pardners, after all; so let's hitch up
an' gee;

Fur Jane she's wantin' powerful bad to see you both
agin,

An' though you stole my darter, I reckon twa'nt no sin.
Fur bein' that you saved her from that thievin' rascal Si,
If anybody was to blame, I guess 't was only I."

An' so the deacon tuck us home to live with him an'
Jane,

An' neither of 'em wouldn't hear to let us go again.
An' so we've lived here ever sence, me an' your grand-
ma, Bess,

In this one house fur forty year, I reckon, more or less.
Wal, children, that's the story I've bin promising to
you,

An' you kin ask your grandma if I haven't told it true.

HELEN WHITNEY CLARK.